THE ITALIANS OF SAN FRANCISCO

THEIR ADJUSTMENT AND ACCULTURATION

Abstract from

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THE ITALIANS OF SAN FRANCISCO

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by

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FOREWORD

The present monograph is the first installment of the report on The Cultural Adjustment of the Italians of San Francisco of which the remaining installment will follow within a short time. This second installment will contain a presentation and discussion of the following items:

- The Social-Economic Environment from which the Italians Came
- The Reasons for Coming to the United States
- Route of Entry to the United States and California
- The Occupations and Professions of the Italian Immigrant
- The Specific Adjustment of the Immigrants to American Life
- The Adjustment of Native-born Children to American Life
- The Immigrant's Evaluation of American Standards and Institutions
- The Effects of the Depression upon the Living Standards and Attitudes of the Immigrants
- Conclusions and Inferences

The Italian report is to be the first of a series of such reports embodying the results of the Survey of the Cultural Adjustment and Contributions of the Latin, Oriental and other minorities to the life of San Francisco. It is hoped to have them issued in the following order:

2. The Chinese
3. The Japanese
4. The French
5. The Mexicans
6. The Spanish and Portuguese
7. The Russians
8. The Roumanians and Other Peoples of the Balkans
9. The Jews
10. The South Americans
11. The Peoples of Northern Europe
12. The Filipinos

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INTRODUCTION

I. Nature of Investigation

The primary object of the following study is twofold, one practical and the other theoretical. The practical purpose can be stated simply enough. It is an attempt, on the basis of adequate information, critically selected, to show the nature of the process or processes by which the foreign-born Italians of San Francisco were assimilated to American standards of living, to American types of behavior and to American attitudes of mind. The theoretical purpose is not so easy to define. Fundamentally, however, it is an attempt to arrive at some estimate of the general factors involved in the changes that take place when an immigrant group, originating in one economic and cultural environment, comes into contact, over a period of years, with another group, possessing another economic and cultural environment, to which it must adapt itself. Manifestly the problems connected with the second objective cannot be satisfactorily envisaged unless there is no uncertainty about the nature and significance of the concrete information upon which our generalizations are to be based. It is essential therefore to be clear about a number of fundamental preliminary questions. What are we to understand by American and what are we to understand by Italian?

Nothing is to be gained by speaking of an American or an Italian nationality as such, for the concept nationality is surcharged with too many emotional overtones and contains too many mystical implications to be of any practical value. Moreover to speak of an American or an Italian nationality is prejudging our whole case. That

is precisely what we wish to discover--whether an objective examination of concrete information will yield any such ultimate crystallization as nationality. In the interests of clarity the term nationality will therefore be avoided. Still we must have some fixed points. We shall therefore define an Italian as an individual who comes from Italy and who was brought up in Italy. But since we are to avoid the concept nationality, both because it is at one and the same time too meaningfull and too meaningless, we shall use it merely as an adjective that derives its significance from the class of individual with which it is associated. Manifestly an Italian peasant or laborer has culturally no connection with a member of the middle class or the nobility, except the very tenuous tie of language and a cemmon religion. But in the case of the Italian peasant and laborer even the tie of language is markedly nullified by the tremendous dialectic differentiation separating the peasant and working class from the other two. The fundamental religious dogmas are, of course, the same, but economic and social factors have so largely conditioned the understanding and manipulation of the central beliefs that it is not very meaningful to merge the religion of the peasant and laborer with that of a member of the middle class or of the nobility.

Many of the difficulties just stressed in connection with the Italians disappear when we deal with the concept American. There is no diversity of speech and there is, on the whole, no diversity of religion. But new difficulties arise. In the case of an Italian we could be reasonably certain that he, his parents and grandparents came from a particular country and spoke the same language. For an American we cannot predicate this. Now while culturally, of course, and from the point of view of ordinary common sense, the actual birthplace of an individual is

and should be a matter of minor importance, we know that it has from time immemorial been the main factor determining citizenship. We are thus virtually constrained, unless we wish to enter into interminable and futile discussions, to designate as American any individual who speaks English as his native language and both of whose parents were born in the United States. Manifestly this leads to certain absurdities for many individuals whose parents were not born here are regarded, rightly so, as excellent and typical Americans. Still I see no other practical alternative. Of course this is possibly of subsidiary importance for, as in the case of Italian, the term American is to derive its concrete and real significance from the occupational and economic group to which it is attached.

Social and economic status, and occupation, must therefore be our provisional criteria for classification since they alone are real and concrete and amenable to fruitful and intelligible sociological treatment. If subsequently the concept nationality emerges as a legitimate superstructure including and subsuming different classes as well as different viewpoints and attitudes, it will be built upon a solid and durable foundation.

II. Method of Collecting Data

A number of considerations are paramount in the collecting of sociological information: It must be secured by a method of questioning that will put the informant at his ease; it must be obtained by qualified observers; it must concern itself with facts about which, under the particular circumstances, reasonably accurate statements can be obtained; and it must either be complete or, at least, a representative sampling.

Since it was not possible or desirable to compel the individuals

approached to answer specific questions, a formal questionnaire was not adopted. Instead the individual was asked to tell the story of his life as he thought best. An attempt was made to have such an autobiography contain information upon a number of points but no effort was made to dictate, in any overt manner at least, what was to be included in the narration. The risk of a narrator coloring his story in his or her own interest simply had to be taken. This distortion, however, is no greater than that which would have been produced by having adopted a formal questionnaire. As a matter of sober fact the autobiographical approach contains the best features of the questionnaire method and is at the same time far more dynamic and human, in that it keeps the salient events of the narrator's life in their proper sequence and their correct perspective. Now it cannot be too insistently stressed that, in dealing with human beings and human relationships, it is essential to adopt a method of inquiry where this is never forgotten.

The information it was sought to include in every autobiography and which, to all intents and purposes, constituted a hidden questionnaire was the following:

1. The birthplace of the narrator.
2. The status and profession of his parents.
3. The occupation or profession of narrator in his native country.
4. The date of his entry into the United States, his port of entry and the date and circumstances of his entry to San Francisco.
5. The reasons for leaving his own country.
6. His occupation or occupations in the United States.
7. His attitude toward his native country.
8. His attitude toward the United States from the time of his arrival to the present time.
9. The nature of his adjustment to American life.

10. The survival of old native customs and native attitudes.

11. His family life:

    a. Marriage, whether into his own or into another group.

    b. The relation of his children, born in this country, to himself.

    c. The adjustment of his children to American life.

12. His relation to the depression.

Not all the sketches contained serviceable information on all these points but it was astonishing and gratifying to discover how many did, and the light they often threw on the only problems of major practical importance in any acculturation study, namely which events, in an individual's life and in his relation to a new social and economic environment lead to character integration and which lead to demoralization.

III. Qualifications of Investigators

It is one of the secondary advantages of an autobiographical approach that it decreases the importance of the role played by the observer. Obviously the fewer screens placed between the primary facts and the person who is to classify and interpret them the better is our data and the smaller the danger of distortion. In the particular circumstances under which the present study was made it was of paramount importance to reduce the role of the observer to a minimum, for it would not have been possible to obtain any large number of professionally qualified investigators even had that been thought desirable. The investigators had to be taken from the county relief rolls. Fortunately the limitations thus imposed, far from militating against the accuracy of the information, actually increased it, for academically and professionally qualified observers are often the worst people to send out to secure

sociological material. Their very training erects an undesirable barrier between themselves and the persons to be interrogated and this barrier is increased by the fact that they have frequently no experience in establishing contacts with strangers.

Yet the essential qualification for an observer is that he possess the gift for establishing a direct and immediate contact with his source of information in as unobtrusive as possible a manner. The persons almost ideally adapted for bringing about such a relation are salesmen and business solicitors such as insurance agents, real estate agents, etc. They have, in addition to other advantages, the added one of being able to discern rapidly when a person will talk and when he will not. They thus unconsciously eliminate the more inarticulate informants and emphasize the articulate ones. And while it is unquestionably true that the fate of the inarticulate members of a community, particularly in an immigrant group, is of great importance to the body politic, it is extremely difficult for any observer, unless he is superbly qualified, mentally and emotionally, to obtain tangible information from them. It could not have been done with the forces at my disposal.

The nature of the personnel of the investigators thus acted as a selective agency in determining the personality type of the individual furnishing the data, by excluding the unwilling and the inarticulate. This must be remembered and in our summing up we shall have to determine the extent to which the willing and the articulate shall be allowed to speak for the unwilling and the inarticulate.

But having established his contact we must next inquire into the manner in which the investigator recorded the information he obtained.

Let me add that in but few cases did the informants themselves write down their autobiographies. In order to determine this, each investigator was asked to indicate his method or methods of recording the information he secured. It was discovered that they varied with each investigator and that not infrequently the same individual would use one method with one informant and another with another depending upon which procedure he deemed advisable and practicable under the specific circumstances. In the vast majority of cases he or she took notes and wrote out the full account when they returned home; in a few instances the autobiography was dictated directly.

At any rate we have a source of error here which had to be guarded against. This was accomplished, in part, by securing a sufficiently large number of autobiographies so that after a fashion, the material controlled itself. The main control, however, was exercised by having each investigator write his own autobiography and by having the supervisor, i.e. myself, establish a sufficiently close contact with the investigators to determine their various biases and the possible directions along which they might unconsciously distort the verbal information they obtained. On the whole little distortion or unconscious falsification of the facts took place. The investigator unquestionably, in some instances, forgot certain items and in other cases failed to understand them, either because the informant's command of English was too poor or because of the limitations of understanding and knowledge on the part of the investigator himself. What the observer very frequently, indeed, added was an evaluation of the personality of the narrator and the events of his life. These varied all the way from careful judgments to naive and intemperate expressions of prejudice. However, as indicated, they did not interfere with the facts

themselves. How significant and important such expressions of attitude and opinion are need not be stressed. However we shall return to this later on.

Considering the fact that an Italian speaking group was to be studied it would, of course, have been desirable had the majority of investigators been either Italians or conversant with the Italian language. This unfortunately was not the case due to circumstances over which I had no control. Only a few Italians could be obtained. Some of the non-Italian investigators however, spoke Italian. Possibly this had its advantages because it furnished us with a compact mass of material bearing on the attitude of Americans, of Anglo-Saxon and non Anglo-Saxon antecedents, toward the assimilatory process by which a special immigrant group was becoming Americanized.

The actual occupations and national groups of the observers were the following:

a. Occupations

Salesmen and businessmen	23
Clerks	5
Workers	10
Newspapermen	5
Writers	5
Students	10
Teachers	2
Lawyers	2
Clergyman	1
Printer	1
Artist	1
	65

b. National Group *

American	37
Italian	6
Irish	6
Jewish	7
French	2
Norwegian	1
Spanish	1
German	1
Serbo-Croatian	1
Roumanian	1
Chinese	1
	65

c. Distribution of Occupations Among National Groups

	Amer.	Ital.	Ir.	Jew.	Fr.	Croat.	Nor.	Sp.	Ger.	Roum.	Chi.	
Salesmen	10	3	4	2	1		1	1	1			
Clerks	4				1							
Newsmen	5											
Writers	2		1	2								
Workers	7		1	1						1		
Teachers	2											
Students	5	2		1		1					1	
Lawyers		1		1								
Artists	1											
Printers	1											
Clergymen	1											
	38	6	6	7	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	= 65

Among the various groups of investigators, as might have been expected, the writers and newspaper men and women were most prone to reorgan-

* Bearing in mind that I am designating as American only those individuals, both of whose parents were born in the United States.

ize their data. At times this meant that the story of the narrators' lives was made subservient to certain dramatic and sentimental themes and episodes. These accounts were therefore used sparingly and then only because of the excellency with which they reproduced the atmosphere, tangible and intangible, of certain lives.

But even had there been the opportunity for a more rigorous control of the investigators, the results of the investigation would not possibly have carried conviction unless the facts collected had proved to be of an order which permitted accuracy. For many important details in the life of the informants, particularly those bearing on his exact financial status upon arrival, the amount of his earnings, the amount of his savings, his actual wealth at different periods of his life here, his losses during the depression, for all these exceedingly important items, no information was solicited. On such matters the uncorroborated statement of even the most careful man is well nigh meaningless. And even if it were not, under the circumstances, too unreliable, to have asked for them would have almost immediately created an atmosphere of suspicion and developed a resistence that might have been definitely deleterious to other highly important phases of the inquiry. In other words only those facts were drawn into the investigation about which reasonably accurate information seemed likely. Fortunately the facts obtained did bear on the fundamental issues involved in an examination of the processes present in the assimilation of an immigrant group to the older cultural core of the indigenous population. It would unquestionably have considerably added to our understanding of certain phases of this assimilatory process had it been possible to obtain exact statistics about the wealth of the new group. This was not possible and it would have been mere pretense to have thought it was.

So much for our method of collecting the data, the control of the investigators and the enforced limitation of our data. We must now satisfy ourselves that enough information was actually obtained. It would not have been possible or feasible to have collected information about every member of the Italian colony. A sampling had to be resorted to. How was that sampling to be made representative? Obviously that could be accomplished in only one way--by calculating the size of the Italian population of San Francisco and then estimating the number of individuals to be interrogated. That was done. Roughly speaking the material was collected from 16 per cent of that population, and since the informants were selected at random, by investigators themselves selected at random and since in addition, the group with which we were dealing was of a homogeneous character, we are more than justified in claiming that the conclusions to be drawn from this data applied, with but slight alterations, to the entire Italian population. Far more important and devastating inferences have been, and still are drawn, from infinitely more inadequate and inferior material.

IV. Attitude of Investigators toward Italians

The attitude of the investigators toward the Italians to be interrogated was not only of importance for the determination of the accuracy of the data but likewise as an expression of the points of view, presuppositions and prejudices of the basic American and the partially Americanized groups.

It would be an overstatement to claim that even a small proportion of the observers had clear-cut points of view or that they were always aware of their presuppositions or prejudices. In fact some of them would

not have admitted that their so called presuppositions were not founded on solid fact or that their prejudices were prejudices. From the viewpoint of the problems to be attacked this naivete was indeed both fortunate and illuminating. The observers were possibly most clear-cut about their political convictions and ideals. A somewhat cursory check of their allegiances in this regard yielded the following results:

	Indifferent	Conservative	Liberals	Radicals
American		15	6	16
Italian	3	1	1	1
Irish	1	3	1	1
Jewish		1	4	3
French			2	
Norwegian	1			
Spanish			1	
German			1	
Serbo-Croatian				1
Roumanian		1		
Chinese		1		
	5	22	16	22

These political affiliations seemed to be fairly definitely correlated with the strength with which certain presuppositions and prejudices were held. While all observers, except a few radicals, held similar views about the semi-inherent nature of racial and national traits only the conservatives--the solitary Italian instance of course omitted--exhibited strong prejudices against Italians specifically. The vast majority of these conservatives were of Anglo-Saxon parentage who had themselves come or whose parents had come from the middle west or the south of the United States. Regrettable as this may be it has, of course, been the privilege, from time immemorial, for the descendants of those who were

most directly connected with the building up of a civilization in its initial stages, to look down with the most profound contempt upon the newcomer and to practically compel him, at times, to make his living by engaging in the less respectable and semi-criminal occupations. Having thus constrained him it is also part of traditional human nature to insist that the newcomer is naturally addicted to the lower type of occupation and to lawbreaking. The following brief sketch of the life of an Italian saloon keeper is most revealing in its realistic portraiture of the facts and for the comments of the observer. The observer, in this case, belongs to a family with Anglo-Saxon antecedents whose ancesters came to the United States about 150 years ago.

> John became a naturalized American shortly before the World War. He volunteered for service, but was disqualified by physical defects which are not apparent to the layman.
>
> For three years prior to repeal of prohibition, John was a bootlegger. He operated in an apartment in San Francisco, and says he paid police $60 a month for protection. He was never raided by Federal authorities, he says, although government dry agents frequently visited and drank in his place of business.
>
> The police, John avers, persistently besought him to increase his payments for protection. He was admonished, he says, by the "law" to employ a manager, (preferably a woman), to increase his patronage, that he might contribute more toward graft.
>
> Despite the fact that he is, or professes to be, a naturalized American, John does not know the political allegiance of the various candidates in the primaries of August 28, 1934, from his district, the 27th assembly district. Earlier in the campaign, he was under the impression that a candidate for the Board of Equalization was running for governor. He did not know the political affiliations of the present governor, a candidate to succeed himself.
>
> John employs an exceptionally comely woman as bartender. This, he admits, is for business purposes. He caters to trade from the Presidio, and says his trade for three days after pay day at that military reservation exceeds his business for the rest of the month.

> On his arrival in America, John worked as a laborer. Later, he became a fisherman, operating with a crew from Fisherman's Wharf out of San Francisco. From that, he graduated to a rum runner; then went into bootlegging. He is an expert in spirit rectifying, and admits he manufactures his own whisky from alcohol, burnt sugar and fruit juice.
>
> Although John has prospered in America, it is doubtful if he has added an iota to the culture or wealth of the nation as a whole. Further, by his own admission, he has defrauded the government of revenues from his manufactured liquor. He is dense, uncultured and, seemingly, unscrupulous.

This is indeed a highly instructive document both because of the manner in which it illustrates how certain members of an immigrant group are utilized by the older inhabitants to break an unpopular law and because of the amazing unwillingness of the observer--an American newspaper man--to include in his condemnation those who were corrupting him and the economic-social causes that had produced the corruption. The alien is to serve in his traditional role of scapegoat and the native citizen in his traditional capacity of tempter, judge and lord high executioner rolled in one. Only when this general functioning of the immigrant is understood is it possible to properly appreciate the role specific immigrant groups are asked to play, and what lies behind the frequently drawn picture of their inherent traits.

On the negative side the Italians are pictured as being naturally secretive, prone to every form of low life and fundamentally addicted to gangsterism. One observer, a newspaper man of Anglo-Saxon antecedents, writes as follows:

> Why does gangsterism come naturally to so many Italians? Ask the average Italian this question and he will vehemently deny this to be the case. But confront him with the big majority of Italian names running through the gangster stories in the pages of the metropolitan newspapers and he'll make a double-handed gesture, shrug and say, "I don't know."

> It has been estimated that seventy per cent of all the gangsters, those who wield death to accomplish their aim, are either Italian born or of Italian extraction. Especially is this said to be true in rackets where big money is to be made.
>
> In such enterprises as crooked dog races, blackmail, operation of bawdy houses, low dives, rum running, this race predominates.

The same observer insisted that the few Italians who were willing to recognize the truth of this contention accounted for it in a twofold manner. The southern Italians attributed it to a long history of banditry in the north of Italy and the northern Italians to the century old mafia feuds and gangsterism of southern Italy. Our investigator continues in the following strain:

> Such Italians as will admit this is the case, give some interesting reasons for it. Those from upper Italy blame the Sicilians for it. The Sicilians deny this and tell this story:
>
> That the banditti long inhabited the mountainous regions of Italy, ran in gangs or packs to rob, to steal and to murder; that their children and their children's children did the same thing and that this custom was thus handed down from generation to generation to this day. They claim that this custom of banditry handed down from generation to generation, has made gangsterism their second nature; that it is in their blood and that no law can eradicate it.
>
> Now let us look at the picture of the Sicilians as painted by those who don't live in Sicily or around the Heel of Italy. They contend:
>
> The bad Italian gangster comes from the southlands of the nation. It is there that the Mafia, called the Black Hand in the United States, has been deeply rooted for centuries. This is worse than banditry ever was. It is gangsterism raised to the superlative degree. When, for instance, a demand is not complied with, death is sure to be swift and certain. Sometimes the person on whom the demand has been made is kidnapped and tortured. More often some member of the family dies a violent death. Then another demand is made and if it is not complied with, murder claims another victim. This process continues until the entire family is wiped out or the money delivered in full and according to plans.

This delightful contrast between the different types of banditry natural to the Italians, is, of course, pure imagination. There is, for instance, no such banditry in northern Italy nor would any Sicilian make such a claim. The mafia did actually exist in southern Italy and Sicily and took on a very special development among the Italians in New York and the cities of eastern United States. It is this indigenous American growth that has given the Italian Black Hand its notoriety. In the form in which it exists here it is utterly unknown in Italy just as the Tongs and Tong warfare are unknown in China. Folk imagination manipulated by economic expediency, has identified the specifically Italian-American mafia with the completely different Italian mafia and since our observer knew that no mafia organization existed in northern Italy he calmly substituted banditry for it there. His attempt to authenticate this phantastic picture of assumed basic Italian traits by having Italians themselves accept it, might possibly have been ascribed to the influence of yellow journalism were it not for the fact that it fits so definitely into the typical gamut that prejudice runs when it is sanctioned by economic and political expediency.

One observer was frank enough to admit that American politics plays into the hands of a terrorist, but he puts this recognition into the mouth of the Italians. "The American political system", he says, "makes for gangsterism, most Italians agree. Group politics breed cliques, and this breaks up into gangs. Every gang strives to have a friend at court, someone at the police station, or an influential but crooked lawyer to go forward for the gangster if he gets into trouble. At election time the gangster delivers the votes; if not by persuasion then by terrorism. The cop on the beat knows this and plays his hand accordingly. The Italians in

every city in the United States have settled in colonies. This gives them a compact political power and makes gangsterism easier."

But our picture is still incomplete. In spite of all the auditory evidence to the contrary, one observer has added the characteristic of secretiveness and taciturnity. On second thought, I believe, all bandits are secretive and taciturn. As the appended sketch will show secretiveness is a secondary consequence of fear of the mafia, a secretiveness that has been practiced so long that it has become second nature.

"Why are Italians as a race more secretive than other people", our observer asks. This is his answer.

> This question, propounded to several Italians, brought forth practically the same answer. It was prompted by the difficulty of getting answers to questions during the survey of this race by the S.E.R.A. Herewith is a concrete digest of the various answers given:
>
> Italian husbands confide very little in their wives, but not because they are tyrants in their homes or distrustful of their mates. They are secretive traditionally because of aversion to exchanging confidences, born of centuries of fear of Mafia terrorism. This fear is second nature, not a practiced art, with this nationality.
>
> And this very trait is pointed out as the reason why so many Italians become gangsters, racketeers and killers. They know they can violate the law with little chance of their being exposed by others of their race.
>
> Because it is second nature for an Italian to keep what he knows to himself lest the wagging of his tongue slit the throats of his wife and children or himself, he is the least understood and least sympathized with, of all foreign born elements in America. Especially is this true in the detection of crime. Although authorities are unable to understand why promises and threats fail to loosen an Italian's tongue, the Italian knows. Centuries of mafia terrorism have taught him that if he tells he is probably signing his own death warrant. He compares what the authorities promise for talking, with the security he knows he will get for his silence, and chooses the latter.
>
> The Italian knows the law can only promise immunity for himself while the gangster can guarantee protection for his whole family.

> Then why chance talking when there is so much more to be gained by keeping his mouth shut, he reasons. The law can do no worse than hang him, and there is only one neck involved. Whereas by talking he might seal the doom of a whole generation of his kinsmen, by the subtle death thrust of an avenger.
>
> The Italians contend that one can only appreciate how deeply-rooted in the Italian heart is the dread of consequences of a glib tongue, by having been born in Italy or having lived among these people as one of them in their native country. There, for centuries, until recently, when Mussolini broke the power of the mafia, mothers taught their children, from the cradle, to fear the terrible vengeance of the Black Hand.
>
> When this bloody society was planted in the United States, American mothers of Italian extraction were forced to teach their American-born children that a silent tongue was the safest.

It should thus be clear that this vision of an Italian mafia terrorism is part and parcel of that customary pattern for the newcomer and the immigrant, conjured up by the dominant and older group to protect its economic security and which is then secondarily reenforced by misinformation, prejudice and folk imagination.

But not all the American observers fell such an easy prey to melodramatic conceptions of the Italian as a Rinaldo Rinaldini. Even among those we have designated as conservatives, a more mature understanding and a kindlier attitude is not infrequently encountered, although it is safe to assume that in times of economic storm and stress the less generous image dominates. One of them was quite willing to admit that although Italians control the gambling in certain parts of San Francisco, aliens have no monopoly on gambling here. Another reports the following conversation:

"The man I was interrogating, asked me where my ancesters had come from. I told him from Scotland. 'There you are,' he said, 'we all are descendents of Europeans. I am as much of an American as you are.

All our culture first came from Europe.' He laughed and was very good natured about it. He seemed pleased that he had scored a point. I might, however, have told him that my ancestors on both sides came to America more than 200 years ago and that some of them had fought in all the wars from the Revolution to the Civil War. But I let him score his point. He also was an American.

"In occupation they range from scavengers to bankers. They all, however, believe in the dignity of labor and take pride in their efficiency."

Still another observer is discerning enough to visualize correctly the whole economic situation in which the Italians, in common with native-born Americans, seem enmeshed. "Why did so many Italians become rum-runners during the era of prohibition" he asks? To this he vouchsafes the following reply:

> This question propounded to several of this race brought one paramount answer. It was big profits earned quickly. It also brought forth an answer that should put to shame the United States system of law enforcement. It was the ease with which officers could be bribed.
>
> At one time, it is estimated, between two and three thousand Italians of San Francisco were engaged in the bootlegging business, which included illicit distilling, hauling, wholesaling and retailing of liquor. Enforcement officers were bribed to permit stills to be operated. Highway patrolmen and officers, from sheriffs down, in towns through which the liquor must pass to reach the San Francisco Market, were bribed to allow it to pass, and the San Francisco police had a regular pay-off system for the bootleggers. This ranged from $50 a month to as high as $200, depending on the location of the joint and the volume of business involved. The federal enforcement officers, in most cases, worked hand in glove with the police.
>
> Furthermore, the Italians regarded the national Prohibition Act as not the voice of the people, but as a class law put over by a bunch of reform grafters. He therefore could not see any moral turpitude involved in a violation of this law. Even if there were, weren't there still the profits of the trade? And hasn't everyone a right to make a living?

Occasionally an estimate such as the one that follows, was given, which not only transcended prejudices and local parochialism, but indicated the most profound understanding of all phases of the situation, economic, social and human.

> In Italian homes, whether peasant or aristocrat, the father is absolute head of the home. The earnings of the entire family are turned over to the father, who dictates the pleasure and the spending of the family. This practice, even among the aristocracy, brought about the desire of the younger generation to break home ties and become independent.
>
> A daughter of Italy may not marry until her elder sisters are married or have declared their intention to remain single. Upon marriage, she is given her dowry and makes her home within her father-in-law's house. She and her husband are then simply the children of the groom's parents and are treated as such. They do their work about the house and in the fields for a mere existence doled out to them by the boy's father.
>
> The same procedure in reverse order pertains to the sons of the family, with the exception that after attaining majority, if he is married, it is possible for him to start out for himself with no help from his parents. This necessitates his going as a tenant on a small farm or entering industry by way of the factory. In either case he is hopelessly bound.
>
> On a tenant farm everything necessary for his personal family needs and the production of a crop is furnished by the landlord until the time of the harvest, when he must pay back to the landlord the money advanced, plus a share of the crop. It is a very fortunate harvest that nets enough surplus to the tenant farmer to feed and clothe the family during the winter, and always he is obliged to go into debt in the spring for seed and food. In the great majority of cases, once a man becomes a tenant, he becomes the absolute slave of his landlord. The factory worker is no more fortunate because his pay is insufficient always for his needs.
>
> Therefore, when rumors of enormous wages paid to workers in American industry were circulated in Italy, and also the news of the freedom and improved living conditions that was sent by relatives who had already immigrated to the United States, the slaves of the Italian industrial and agrarian system readily transferred their allegiance to that of the United States. Ambitious young people and beaten old people borrowed money from relatives and friends in order to get to the promised land of fair wages and decent living conditions. Many planned to stay in America only long enough to get themselves on their feet financially, and give themselves the chance to earn in their own country the

financial security then denied them. They wanted to live among their own people and in their own land, and not in a new world of strange people and foreign customs.

Therefore, when Italian immigrants came to America, many of those who intended one day to return to their native land, made no effort to Americanize themselves, but remained true to their own traditions, and formed their alliances among their own people.

After a short time in the United States, the Italian immigrant found that conditions in the United States were perhaps better than in Italy, but that the possibility of becoming his own master, or even putting a little money by for the return trip, were as remote as the possibility of liberation had been in Italy. Perhaps they were even more remote, for there was not then left them the dream of another promised land.

And now, severed from his children by their inability to understand the forces which have kept him enslaved throughout his life, and finally shorn of his last vestige of hope of security or comfort, his eyes turn toward Italy, remembering only the fields and trees and vineyards and the soft warm air. And he thinks, perhaps, that it was his choice that was wrong, perhaps he should have stayed--and fought.

While the observers of foreign birth or foreign extraction, non-Italians of course, rarely subscribed to the bandit myth, still at times, a certain amount of specific criticism was passed on the tendency of many Italians, so it was claimed, to exploit the United States and spend the money they had saved setting themselves up in their native land. Such a stricture was made by an American Jew, thoroughly assimilated, who must have known that large numbers of his own kinsmen have, at all times, generously contributed to the wants of their relatives in the old country and, in that way, sent millions of dollars out of the United States yearly. Apparently the crime of the Italian, from the observer's viewpoint, was that he intended to return to Italy.

Mr. T. married an Italian girl five years ago and has a daughter three years of age. Although he is earning a fairly good wage, his wife also works, and they are hoarding every cent towards the time when they will be

> able to go back to Italy, to remain there and have enough money to go into some kind of business. Although he is a man of ordinary intelligence and respects the laws of this country, he still prefers the foods of his native land and is only awaiting the opportunity to go back.
>
> He is a good, upright citizen of his community, but to my mind he is not the kind of a person to do any good to the United States, as after taking advantage of all the opportunities offered him here and accumulating quite a sum of money, he is going to take it back to spend in Italy. Although it can be argued that the United States has made a profit on this man's labor during his tenure in this country, why should he be allowed to spend the fruits of our country in his own?
>
> Through the opportunities offered here he has raised his standard of living amazingly yet he still talks about going back to Italy, after he has saved enough to live in comparative ease there. To my mind, a person who has been afforded such opportunities to forge ahead in this country should at least spend the money where it was made and not take it out of circulation. Summing up, I wish to state that from my observations of the Italian people and from observing this particular family, they seem to be a hard working, rather illiterate people in their own country, but are quick to grasp and make the most of the opportunities afforded them here, but they still remain loyal to their native land.

Finally, I would like to add a document which portrays concretely and with inimitable American humor, the exact manner in which the native-born American cooperates with and is at times benefitted by, the immigrant who breaks an unpopular law and takes all the risks. The reporter manifestly understands the full humor of the situation and passes no judgments. Assuredly this is social symbiosis at its highest.

> "Well, Merry Christmas", my friend Joe said to me, "Merry Christmas. It's sure a lot better than some I went through a few years ago. Especially one in the years of rugged individualism--when the landlord got very rugged indeed and had my family put out two days before Christmas. You know moving at any time is a dreary affair but two days before Christmas--sort of gets you down. The movers didn't have to use blankets and wadding to protect my furniture that year--they just threw the table and stove and five chairs in the truck and let it go at that. A few more scratches didn't mean a thing. I had a piano in storage that I owed twelve dollars rent on. Well the movers took and paid the rent on the piano--and then

took the piano. That covered the cost of moving us. It was nice of them. The landlord's last word to me was that he was going to attach my wages, which I thought was rather foolish because I didn't have a job. I wished him a very Merry Christmas.

"We moved into a dark and musty old place that was above a store that was nothing but a bootleg-joint disguised as a vegetable market. I didn't like to take the wife and kids into that dump but it was the best I could get. Ten dollars a month was the rent for the dingy four rooms--and they weren't worth it. The cockroaches were so thick around the sink you'd think it was a cockroach farm--and ants, man! --they just came up in a steady stream from the store below. Well I kept looking at my wife and I saw she was about ready to throw forty seven different kinds of cat fits--and I didn't blame her. I didn't feel so cheerful myself. There were no lights, no gas, no food, no coal, no nothing. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon and dark, and that old place was just a tomb. Gloom--I've never felt anything like it even in the trenches. I sent the three kids over to the library and told them to read and sit there and wait until I came for them. So to the library they went--just as happy as though I had a million dollars and that old dump was a palace. Then my wife and I started putting up the bed. 'Oh, if we only had some light and heat,' she wailed, 'it would be a little better at least. Joe, you've got to go to the charities--that's the only thing I can see to do. Christmas coming, and nothing for the children.' Just then I heard the back-door screen rattling like someone was trying to break it down. Out I went. There was a big fat guy standing there with the sweetest grin on his mug you ever saw. 'What do you want,' I snarled at him. 'You just move in?' he asked. 'What's it to you?' I asked with true Christmas spirit. 'You got the gas on?' he went on. 'No, we haven't got the gas on,' I answered. 'Say what is this? A game?' 'I help you,' the big man said, 'I own the store down stairs. I need a man to help me deliver. You drive my car--Yes?' 'Sure! I said, 'but what's it all about? Deliver what?' 'Don't be a dumbbell,' my wife said, 'Sure,' she said to the big man,' my husband will deliver anything from sardines to gallon jugs. He's the best deliverer in town. Aren't you, Joe?' 'Oh sure,' I answered, 'sure--I deliver anything! ' ' I thought you would,' the big fellow said, 'I see you have three children and not much furniture. I will need you until after January 1, New Years. Big trade now. You can make easy a hundred and fifty dollars.' 'How much?' my wife nearly screamed. 'A hundred fifty dollars,' he said again, 'maybe more.' 'But here!--he took out a roll of bills that he didn't got from selling vegetables and handed me a twenty--'go down and get your gas turned on and then see me down stairs. I want you to work tonight.'

As he went down the ricketty old back stairs shaking the shack with every plunk of his big feet on a step my wife sat down

on the sink and began to weep. 'Santa Claus,' she finally said. 'Santa Claus. And I thought there wasn't any.' 'Look out for the cockroaches,' I warned her, 'they'll walk away with you!'

"Of course," Joe finished, "I'd like to say that I beat my breat, stood on my honor and refused the filthy lucre, that I let the house stay dark and cold and my wife and kids go hungry. Nuts--I did not. I took the job and I delivered hooch until January third. Night and day I was on the go, and besides the first twenty he gave me, the Big Fellow paid me off at just $237.00, and the first thing we did was move out of the cockroach flat.

"Well," Joe finished, "times have changed since that bad year. I've got a place for my family and there's no danger we'll be kicked out on Christmas Day. The rent and the gas are paid and we have enough to eat. We can't live like millionaires but we're living at least, and not broken with worry. Someone seems to know I'm out of a job and have a big family, and what's more seems to care about it. We've been given a lot more this year than just words and pious platitudes; they're not very filling. Well, be good--Merry Christmas."

The preceding documents indicate clearly the nature of the personal equation with which we are dealing in the case of our observers. To those accustomed to the fairly clearcut distinctions that existed in pre-war Europe, between one nation and another, based on differences of speech and local customs, and the illusionary theories of supposed inherent racial and national characteristics, the American, more specifically the San Francisco situation, must seem extremely strange and chaotic, to say the least. They do not realize that here the picture is not obscured by the film of an officially inculcated tradition of eternally fixed separateness, in spite of the presence of members of every conceivable race and group. Their very numbers, the numerous gradations of amalgamation, nullify the strength of such theories and make it imperative for the group that has been here longest and has been in power most completely and most continuously, i.e. the so called Anglo-Saxon, to postulate a national goal that would absorb all differences. Thus the average American cannot help

becoming aware, at times, whether consciously or not, of the essentially economic basis of his conflicts and difficulties with the newcomers, and while he may resort to mythical constructions such as those we have quoted to ward off their pressure and their competition, in his clearer moments these myths lose much of their force and mischievousness. And quite naturally, for they can only thrive on a soil carefully prepared for chauvinism, where their economic aspects are disguised by a thick undergrowth of tradition and a relentlessly imposed illiteracy and backwardness.

I

THE ITALIAN POPULATION OF SAN FRANCISCO, 1890-1930

I. The San Francisco Social-Economic Environment, 1890-1930

To understand the behavior and reactions of the Italian immigrants in San Francisco it will be necessary first, to give a brief survey of the social-economic environment into which they were transported and then, a fairly full description of that from which they had just come and whose effects in large measure they were to feel in their new home for a decade or more. In order to keep our discussion as concrete and specific as possible the Italian social and economic environment will be treated after that on the nature and composition of the Italian population.

San Franciscan history begins with the Gold Rush. From being an utterly unimportant trading and military post it became, within ten years, a thriving port, the clearing house for a vast mining area and something of an international and cosmopolitan metropolis. The influx of peoples from all parts of the world and from all sections of the population has always been one of its characteristics. What little relation existed between the occupations to which the newcomers willingly submitted here and those for which they had been trained, can best be illustrated by a single example. Of the thirty people employed in the building of a brick ware-house in 1859, three were preachers, two lawyers, three physicians, six bookkeepers, two blacksmiths and one a shoemaker.* Such, to a marked extent, has always been the situation.

This abrupt change of occupation, and uprooting of values has colored the history of the city in a number of specific ways, but in none more turbulently and dramatically than by the manner in which the forces of labor and capital have been ranged against each other, and by the

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* I.B.Cross - History of the Labor Movement in California, 1935, p. 13.

manner in which alien races and nationalities have become the catspaw of contending interests. Though class lines and class distinctions were forgotten in a manner that had possibly never been witnessed before in the history of the United States, this in no way mitigated the lack of democracy or increased the understanding of members of other races. Race between 1849-1860 was defined very roughly indeed. Native-born Americans, Englishmen, Germans and Irish belonged to one race; Chinese, French, Spanish, Mexicans and Spanish-Americans to another. Italians, Portuguese and Greeks would have been included in this second race but there were practically none here. The latter were cheated, maltreated and murdered in the mining area again and again. Thousands were forced to leave and return to their native countries. Others migrated south into the San Joaquin valley and still others became robbers and bandits. Part of the reputation for violence which the Mediterranean peoples subsequently acquired can be attributed to the activities of these unfortunate people, who responded to assasination and pillage by daring holdups and murders.

Of the pandemonium that reigned during the early period of the Gold Rush, this is not the place to speak. We are only interested in that phase of it connected with the fixing of certain traditions.

A large percentage of the native-born Americans had come from the south and this explains the strong sympathies for secession that existed when the Civil War broke out in 1861. There were, however, few slaves here, although slavery was held to be a legal institution. The native-born Americans joined by the Germans, English and Irish who had themselves only been in America a short time, transferred all their socially and economically engendered prejudices to those whom they, humorously enough, designated as foreigners. Since those "foreigners" certainly had swarthier

complexions than the Americans and since the Americans were predominately southerners, it is perhaps not unwarranted to say that part, at least, of the antiforeign agitation represented the attempt of these southerners to equate the "foreigners" with the negroes.

In 1851 it would have been difficult to forsee that San Francisco was eventually to be dominated by the Anglo-Saxon. The Alta California in the issue of February 7, 1851, with the customary rhetoric of the day, gloried in the cosmopolitan character of the city.

"From the sunny climes of Spain and Italy, from the fairylands of Persia and Arabia, from the regions of snow and ice in Norway and Russia, from the corn and vinelands of pleasant France, from the British Isles and the colonies, from the green South America, from the imperial dominions of the near relative of the sun and moon, and from the golden islands of the Pacific, have they come in myriads to California. In our streets the fair European jostles with swarthy Kanaka or the darker Hindoo; the pious Mussulman says his daily prayers as he passes the churches of the Christian; the calculating German drives hard bargains with the volatile French, and the stiff-made (sic) Yankee daily deals with the long-tailed Chinaman. Such an omnium gatherum of humanity has never before been witnessed in the world's history."*

Small wonder than that the right of one part of the population, by no means markedly the larger, to dictate who was to work in the mines and who was to be regarded as the legally privileged, should have been seriously challenged. As early as the spring of 1850 the "foreigners" sent out a notice calling for a mass protest against these unwarranted pretentions:

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* Quoted from Cross, Ibid. p. 294

"It is time to unite" says the notice: "Frenchmen, Chileans, Peruvians, Mexicans, there is the highest necessity of putting an end to the vexations of the Americans in California: If you do not intend to allow yourselves to be fleeced by a band of miserable fellows who are repudiated by their own country, then unite and go to the camp of Sonora next Sunday: there will we try to guarantee security for us all, and put a bridle in the mouths of that horde who call themselves citizens of the United States, thereby profaning that country."*

They had ample justification for protesting not only on humanitarian grounds but on the basis of the money they paid into the State treasury. In the decade from 1854-1865 the Foreigner Miners' licenses yielded one-eighth of the total income of the State and in the period from 1850 to 1870, one-half.

But all was of no avail. The State legislature was completely controlled by the native-born Americans and by the middle of 1850 the foreigners were in full retreat. It is estimated that in that year fifteen to twenty thousand Mexicans and an equal number of Chileans left the country. About the same time the Latins, i.e. the Spaniards, Italians and Portuguese, were driven from the mines and took to gardening and whatever farming was possible. The French were likewise dispersed, a few of them returning to their native land and a few joining the filibustering expeditions into northern Mexico. The stage was thus cleared for the battle between the Americans and the Chinese.

Yet even in spite of the shortness of the period during which they were present in large numbers, i.e. between 1848-1850, the foreigners left their impress on San Francisco life. It would be ridiculous, of course, to imagine that the Spaniards, Italians, French, South Americans,

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* Quoted from Cross, Ibid, p. 298

etc. who came to San Francisco during the Gold Rush were influenced by any more estimable motives than their American competitors. But they came from countries with certain definite cultural traditions. The Americans, on the other hand, were frontiersmen, many of whom had, for a long time, been separated from the constraints of even that form of civilization which existed in the old Northwest of the early part of the nineteenth century. Tenuous as may have been the refinements of civilization possessed by the Mexicans and South Americans who came here, and shabby as may have been the remnants of refinement and culture that the particular French, Spanish, Italians and others introduced, still they had an enormous appeal for the crude American backwoodsmen brutalized and emotionally impoverished by their conquest of the West. They gobbled up what the foreigner had to offer them in this regard much as they hated him for his external good manners, and however willing they were to cut his throat when he competed with them in the mines, in business or in industry. Thus there arose that shabby genteel civilization of the Gold Rush, a civilization rendered all the more piquant and glamorous because of the injection into it of three contrasting traits, the sophistication of the Chinese, the uncouth virility of the American backwoodsmen, and the directness and swagger of the English and Irish adventurers.

In this conglomerate and colorful culture the native-born American was at first a purely passive spectator and when, subsequently, he participated more actively and originally, both the content and certain general trends had become more or less definitely fixed. This was particularly true, on the one hand, for the theatre, for music, and for a love of pageantry and, on the other hand, for the less intellectual but highly important aspects of a civilization, its food habits and its forms of gambling.

In its lack of parochialism and the broadness of its interest and receptivity, no theatre or music audience in the United States could compare with that of San Francisco in the famous decade between 1848-1860. The number of plays produced was legion, English authors, of course, predominating. Twenty-one of Shakespeare's plays were produced. But there were also translations and adaptations of French and German dramatists. Operas were performed in the original Italian, French and German, a proceeding hardly known anywhere else in the United States at that time except at times, possibly, in New York and, of course, New Orleans. But perhaps even more significant was the fact that the same opera was often given in the original and in an English translation.*

After 1860 this cosmopolitan tradition gradually died out and by 1900 little indeed of it was left except a vague memory and the habit for foreign troupes of players and opera companies to have San Francisco on their itinerary. Yet it could always easily be revived even into some remote and watered a semblance of its former vitality, as new groups of foreigners, particularly Jews and Italians, became domiciled in San Francisco.

Apart from the theatre and opera no intellectual life of any pretentions existed either in San Francisco or, for that matter, anywhere else in California, between 1860 and 1900. The writers who had been inspired by the events of the tumultuous Gold Rush decade had all left for other parts of the United States or Europe. It was not until the eighteen-nineties, with the founding of Leland Stanford University, and the renovation of the University of California, that all this changed. But the new

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* For an excellent and detailed description of the theatre and opera of the Gold Rush Decade cf. Joseph Gaer's The Theatre of the Gold Rush Decade in San Francisco, California SERA, San Francisco 1935.

faculties had to be imported from the east. California was still practically a frontier post in every respect. With the significant functioning of these two colleges, however, a new era was inaugurated. The eastern educators brought with them the whole elaborate educational system--grade schools, high schools and colleges--that prevailed there. San Francisco and its immediate environment, between 1900 and 1920, became an enviable place not only for Californians but for individuals from other parts of the country. The one drawback was the unfortunate influence exercised by those who had amassed great fortunes during the years 1890-1910, upon the educational policies of the various institutions, state and private, to which they had so generously contributed.

The social-economic transformations that San Francisco underwent during the same years were even more momentous. After the intense excitement of 1848-1860, marked as it was by tremendous fluctuations in the fortunes of the city, by the temporary affluence of many of its inhabitants often to be followed by heartrending misery, San Francisco settled down to a ten-year period of fairly consistent prosperity. In the ten years preceding these, however, just as the artistic-literary atmosphere had been fixed so, likewise, the ground had been laid for all the social-economic conflicts that were to play so large a part in her history--the attempts of the trades and workingmen to organize and to maintain their scale of wages and the determined efforts of employers to prevent such organization first, by inducing the immigration of laborers from the eastern states and secondly, by utilizing convict and Chinese labor. Both movements had many disastrous consequences. In trying to safeguard themselves against the competition of the Chinese so systematically fostered by the employers, the working class, skilled and unskilled, developed an irrational and

malignant race antagonism which was to prove exceedingly harmful, both for their souls and for their own ultimate economic interests. The confusion was all the greater and dangerous because in the twenty-year period between 1865 and 1885 the labor movement was partially dominated by a radical outlook which should have been basically hostile to race prejudice and which should have opened the eyes of the labor leaders to the true nature of the forces behind the employment of the Chinese under the conditions existing in San Francisco. This malignant race antagonism has persisted to the present day, and the irrationality and misconception of the actual facts and of the forces involved have become traditionally crystallized.

As late as 1910 a writer on the history of California labor legislation still had the effrontery to say:

"It is evident.....that the motives back of this legislation (to exclude negroes and Chinese) were not purely economic. We repeatedly meet with dignified discussions of the social evils due to the presence of elements in the population incapable of assimilation. Complex race antagonisms and resentment of the thought of enforced association with what were looked upon as inferior races gave increased determination and bitterness of feeling to the efforts to exclude these competitors.

"Undoubtedly the opposition to the Chinese was greatly strengthened by the fear of economic competition, and this fear was increased to a panic when the large number of incoming Chinese forcefully reminded the Californians of the vast accumulations of population from which this stream of immigration flowed."*

This lack of realism on the part of labor with regard to the

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* Lucile Eaves - A History of California Labor Legislation, University of California Publications in Economics, Vol. II, 1910, p. 440.

racial question produced a far-reaching confusion of mind and led to demagogy, anarchy and wholesale corruption in all phases of the political and economic struggle. It permitted a man of such undisciplined a mind and character as the Irish immigrant, Dennis Kearney, to exercise an undue influence on labor circles, much to its discredit and its ultimate ~~good~~, and made for that shameless corruptien and graft which distinguished San Francisco public life for so many years.

Only a part of that corruption can be laid at the door of the labor leaders however. Most of it came from the nouveau riche group which had developed there and the associations and corporations into which they had organized themselved. The peculiar ruthlessness and cynicism of their behavior can in part be ascribed to the fact that they preserved in their persons and their actions a type of psychology which is ethically reprehensible at all times, but which is, at least, explicable in an epoch like the Gold Rush. Then avarice, greed, animal cunning and vigilantism were comprehensible. Unfortunately, these corporations carried over the psychology of the Gold Rush days into their later dealings, long after there was the remotest excuse for the mind and the emotions to function in this manner. Other corporations in the United States and elsewhere, have had an unenviable reputation for unscrupulousness but rarely has it been equalled by that enjoyed by the Southern Pacific. Until its external overthrow in 1910 it was in complete control of the whole machinery of government. Its sinister tentacles enveloped every phase of corporate life. Its ruthlessness became a byword. Yet even this octupus possessed some sense of shame for not even today have the records of its growth and activities been put at the disposal of scholars although they are carefully preserved in the archives of Leland Stanford University.

The issue between labor and capital was thus carried on in an atmosphere of irrationalism and violence unknown, to the same degree, anywhere else in the United States. It was in such an environment that San Francisco slowly developed its specific physiognomy. In some respects the sharpness of the struggle led to positive and beneficial results. If, on the one hand, it created a corporation like the Southern Pacific, on the other hand it lead to organizational activity on the part of labor which eventually made the city a strongly entrenched unionized center. To attain it first the Chinese and negroes and subsequently the Japanese had to be frighfully maltreated and disfranchized. As fast as one racial group became eliminated the employers, however, brought in and exploited another. When it was no longer possible to utilize members of another race they fought their battle against the demands of labor by introducing Portuguese, Mexicans and Slavs and finally demoralized and impoverished native-born workers from the southern and marginal states.

The exact number of individuals the employers had at their disposal between 1890 and 1930 to be used potentially in their struggle with labor are given by the following tables taken from the U.S. Census.

FOREIGN POPULATION OF SAN FRANCISCO AND ALAMEDA COUNTIES
BY COUNTRY OF ORIGIN, 1890-1930

COUNTRY	SAN FRANCISCO COUNTY					ALAMEDA COUNTY				
	1890	1900	1910	1920	1930	1890	1900	1910	1920	1930
ATLANTIC ISLANDS	67	86	—	—	890	1,413	2,258	136	231	5,216
ARMENIA	—	—	—	234	928	—	—	—	70	542
AUSTRALIA	923	1,096	1,347	—	1,551	164	1,705	594	—	1,633
AUSTRIA	1,263	1,841	6,315	3,694	5,833	262	324	2,210	1,277	2,929
CANADA	4,371	4,770	8,023	7,083	21,297	2,196	2,757	403	5,942	20,639
CENTRAL & SO. AMERICA	356	—	320	1,815	4,458	116	—	123	517	1,150
CHINA	24,613	10,762	10,582	7,744	16,303	3,294	1,956	4,588	4,505	3,700
CZECHO-SLOVAKIA	—	—	—	757	2,094	—	—	—	256	1,036
DENMARK	1,785	2,171	4,243	3,389	8,091	1,265	1,484	4,384	3,115	8,797
ENGLAND	9,828	8,956	14,050	26,464	10,774	3,370	3,739	9,292	7,216	24,756
FINLAND	—	935	1,846	1,810	3,569	—	140	725	1,153	2,921
FRANCE	4,663	4,870	8,931	6,908	13,921	855	1,020	3,176	2,303	6,003
GERMANY	26,422	35,194	48,890	18,513	55,316	5,090	6,106	19,194	7,422	29,858
GREECE	—	—	2,274	3,204	5,922	—	—	869	1,132	1,765
HOLLAND	207	244	—	788	1,890	45	81	—	453	2,234
HUNGARY	—	315	1,247	1,390	1,157	—	152	330	564	1,095
IRELAND	30,718	15,963	54,413	18,271	59,311	5,591	5,285	13,928	5,217	20,196
JAPAN	621	1,852	4,518	5,358	6,250	196	1,178	3,266	5,221	5,715
JUGO-SLAVIA	—	—	—	1,320	4,157	—	—	—	918	2,114
MEXICO	1,452	1,459	1,763	3,793	3,039	269	223	496	1,575	1,171
NORWAY	1,396	2,172	4,735	3,121	7,998	358	557	2,261	1,756	5,957
POLAND	501	538	—	2,152	6,546	43	76	—	649	1,943
PORTUGAL	448	530	570	816	1,604	2,209	2,710	7,619	7,886	22,059
RUMANIA	—	—	—	765	—	—	—	—	124	—
RUSSIA	1,064	1,511	6,825	5,752	13,834	94	149	1,770	1,402	3,922
SCOTLAND	3,181	3,000	5,340	3,569	10,656	988	1,140	3,217	2,609	10,918
SPAIN	220	235	1,170	2,500	4,900	51	55	184	1,576	3,642
SWEDEN	3,594	5,248	9,736	6,468	15,216	1,096	1,708	5,728	4,124	12,371
SWITZER-LAND	1,696	2,085	3,832	3,569	6,661	408	588	1,582	2,609	3,595
SYRIA	—	—	—	216	—	—	—	—	86	—
TURKEY	—	—	722	—	—	—	—	154	—	—
WALES	357	386	—	445	1,515	172	256	—	878	1,766
OTHERS	1,328	1,503	24,685	1,696	6,579	325	304	21,015	542	2,407
TOTAL NATIVE WHITE OF FOREIGN PARENTAGE	—	—	—	—	206,285	—	—	—	—	142,830
INDIANS	—	—	46	45	151	—	—	41	56	182
NEGROES	—	—	—	2,414	3,803	—	—	—	6,320	10,150

This briefly was the San Francisco to which the Italian immigrants had to adjust themselves. They did not come here in any appreciable numbers until 1890. By that time the city had passed through many vicissitudes and transformations. After the Gold Rush it became, for a time, something of a manufacturing city. Its character as an important trading post, a fishing center, and a financial center acquired at about the same time, it was destined never to lose. As the rich valleys of Sonoma, Sacramento and San Joaquin counties came under the plough and were covered with wine grapes and orchards, San Francisco acquired an additional significance, that of being the clearing-house for this new and rich Hinterland. Only in this last phase of its development did the Italians participate significantly. For the earlier developments they were too late. In 1890 there were 5,212 in the city; in 1900, 7,508; in 1910, 16,919; in 1920, 23,924 and in 1930, 27,311. In the neighboring county of Alameda, there were in 1890, 802; in 1900, 1,119; in 1910, 5,308; in 1920, 7,599, and in 1930, 9,894. San Francisco, in the same years, more than quadrupled its population, it being 634,394 in 1930.

But if they arrived late and if they added no new contours to the life here, still from 1900 on, they participated actively in every phase of its existence. Today, 1935, the greatest banker is an Italian, the mayor is an Italian, and the national head of the American Legion is an Italian. Only in the intellectual life of the community is their influence negligible. They have produced no scientists and no scholars, nor does any member of their group occupy an important chair in any of the colleges of the state. Similarly, no leader of public opinion, conservative, liberal or radical, has emerged from out their ranks. On the whole they have identified themselves, with praiseworthy skill and alacrity, to

the prevailing mores of the native-born Californian even to some of the distressing features of his culture such as his susceptibility to political corruption and vigilantism.

II. The Composition of the Italian Population

Today, there are in the city of San Francisco, in addition to the 27,311 born in Italy, 30,710 born here. In the adjoining counties for which San Francisco is the principal outlet the figures for 1930 are as follows:

	Foreign-born	Native-born of foreign or Mixed Parentage	
San Mateo	4,736	4,504	
Marin	1,820	1,925	
Alameda	9,894	12,160	
Contra Costa	4,595	5,799	
	21,045	24,388	= 45,433

In San Francisco and the neighboring counties we thus have 48,356 foreign-born Italians and 55,098 native-born Americans of Italian or mixed parentage, which together gives us 103,454 individuals who are more or less directly in contact with Italian mores and habits of mind. The entire state had in 1930, 107,249 individuals of foreign birth and 129,373 native-born individuals of Italian or mixed parentage. Forty-five per cent of the Italian population in other words, is concentrated around San Francisco and if we add the Italian populations of Napa, Solano and Sonoma counties who are in intimate contact with the metropolitan area of San Francisco, the percentage is increased to fifty.

The data secured by the survey embraced only two counties, San Francisco and Alameda, most of the material coming from San Francisco. The

importance of obtaining information from Alameda county lay in the fact that we thus included farmers, and it would be impossible to understand the functioning and the reactions of the San Francisco Italians unless we keep in mind insistently the interchange between small businessman and farmer on the one hand, and industrial laborer and agricultural laborer, on the other, an interchange that not only holds for San Francisco but held with equal strength for Italy.

The discussion that follows applies to all sections of the population except the extremely wealthy and possibly the well-to-do. No fortune accumulated by the Italians in San Francisco goes back, however, more than one generation so that although, strictly speaking, the information about the wealthy families of today is inadequate, much of what can be deduced from the examination of the life-history of the small businessman holds, on the whole, for them as well.

It has been generally assumed that the overwhelming percentage of Italians in San Francisco came from northern Italy. On the basis of the six hundred families studied this contention is not borne out. Roughly speaking, about thirty-six per cent were born in southern Italy and Sicily, ten per cent in central Italy, and fifty-four per cent in northern Italy. Northern Italy is, of course, a purely artificial designation including as it does, such widely different areas ethnically, geographically, and economically as Piedmont, Liguria, i.e. Genoa and its environment, Venetia, i.e. Venice and its environment, Lombardy, and Tuscany. Breaking up this northern contingent into its constituent elements we find that one-sixth come from the Piedmont countryside, one-sixth being from Turin; thirty per cent from Tuscany, of whom the vast majority are from Florence itself; about eighteen per cent from Lombardy, half of them from Milan, and about eighteen

per cent from Lombardy, half of them from Milan, and about eighteen per cent from Genoa and Venice.

In short, every region of Italy is represented in the Italian population of San Francisco, even the newly regained provinces of Trentino and Trieste. In terms of Italian speech the representation is even more complete, for it includes individuals from French Corsica and the Swiss province of Ticino, the so called Swiss-Italians. For no other part of the United States, I believe, is this even remotely true.

The seven main areas from which the population has come--Piedmont, Liguria, Lombardy, Venetia, Tuscany, Latium and southern Italy--presuppose a tremendous diversity in physical types, language and cultural traits.

Piedmont and Liguria which, after a fashion belong together, have borne the brunt of foreign invasions from the days of the great barbarian incursions more than two thousand years ago. The result has been a hopeless intermingling of the three dominant divisions of the white race--the so called Mediterranean, Alpine and Nordic. Those superficial racial theorists who are prone to contend that the northern Italian is more easily assimilable to American culture than the southern must then, in all good faith, be willing to admit that it has nothing to do with the pigmentation of the eyes, the color of the hair, the shape of the head, or stature.

The dialectic variations in Piedmont are not very great but Genoese is, of course, an utterly unintelligible language to the Piedmontese. Culturally the French influence has, for at least a hundred years, been very marked in Piedmont and this, plus the Austrian influence, has really set Piedmont quite apart from the rest of Italy. In fact it is somewhat difficult to think of this section as essentially Italian. No individuals who played an important part either in Italian politics or culture arose there until the nineteenth century. Then, of course, it became the cradle

of Italian unity and an intellectual subcenter. During the nineteenth century, together with the adjoining Lombardy, it developed into the economically dominant section of Italy and today contains almost one-quarter of the population of the whole of the country.

Liguria, particularly its famous port Genoa, has had an entirely different history and has been part and parcel of Italian civilization since the early Middle Ages. Within the last century, however, its close proximity to the Italian and French Riviera and its transatlantic connections have given its inhabitants an international outlook which it had lost for about two hundred years.

Lombardy with its great metropolis Milan became, in the nineteenth century the most highly industrialized section of Italy. Its cultural physiognomy, not to speak of the physical type of its people, has been specifically influenced by its long contact with Austria. Because of its industrialization and these intimate relations with the Germanic nations to the North, labor struggles played an important role in its history for the fifty years preceding Mussolini. Together with the workers' organizations of the province of Emilia (Bologna, etc.) it was the pivotal area for the well-known cooperatives of northern Italy which were so brutally exterminated by Mussolini.

Venetia, to an even larger extent than Lombardy, has been for the last one hundred and fifty years strongly influenced by Austria. Only to a limited degree has it participated in the new Italy inaugurated by Cavour and Victor Emanuel I although, naturally enough, it was partially drawn into the new economic developments that, from 1890-1920, were centered in Lombardy.

Of Tuscany little need be said. Culturally and intellectually it has been the center of Italian life since the thirteenth century and

although throughout the eighteenth and part of the nineteenth century it was almost as impotent politically as the Papal States--Emilia, the Marches, Umbria and Latium--its prestige was still so strong that for a brief period, between 1804 and 1871, it was the capital of reunited Italy. It has always been a rich agricultural area and a region of active town life. In the industrial development of the last two generations it has played only a small role.

The sections which until 1860 comprised the Papal dominions, possess a peculiar interest for us. Geographically they are partly mountainous and barren, partly lowland and fertile. They were until the last thirty years or more, renowned for their traditional political apathy. Within the last thirty years, however, all political movements have been represented there, often in violent form. It was a center of socialism, of republicanism and of fascism. One of the columns of the famous March on Rome in 1922, when the fascists seized power, was supposed to have started from Bologna. The March, of course, never took place and Mussolini rode in a Pullman car from Milan to Rome to become premier. Yet in spite of all this, the famous or infamous plebiscite of 1926 whereby Mussolini attempted to demonstrate to the world that the nation was with him, the Bolognese still had the courage to cast 8,000 votes against him, a very creditable showing considering the fact that the free expression of opinion was so completely muzzled.

Of Rome itself no more need be said than that it became the capital and administrative center of the new Italy after 1871 with all the advantages this implied.

Lastly we come to southern Italy, i.e. the large area embracing the provinces of Campania (Naples and the surrounding region), Apulia, Basilicata and Calabria on the mainland, and the Island of Sicily with

its capital, Palermo. Apart from two regions, the one around Palermo and the other around Naples, characterized by an intensive cultivation of the soil, this whole section is so completely cut up by mountain ranges with non-intercommunicable valleys which, in addition, have no access to the sea, that it has been for many centuries the most backward section of Italy, economically and socially. At one time, of course, between 300 B.C. and 100 A.D. it was one of the richest and most prosperous portions of the country as well as a center of culture. But foreign exploitation and economic ravages, together with climatic alternations of extreme violence--torrential rains followed by long periods of intense drought--have completely destroyed it. During the nineteenth century, despairing of any improvement, millions of its people emigrated to the Americas, north and south. Today it is still the home of many large estates that have been unworked for so many years that they have almost become unworkable. The much heralded improvements inaugurated by Mussolini with admirable publicity have in no way improved the lot of the peasant or broken up the holdings of the big landlords. They have been confined fairly exclusively to the building of roads--imperatively needed, of course, and school houses.

It is in such a rich and diversified environment that the San Franciscan Italians were born. General statements, however, give no clear picture of the facts. It may, therefore, be of some value and interest to indicate more precisely the previous status of some of these immigrants and the occupational groups to which they belonged. We shall do this briefly here and do it in terms of the sections of Italy from which they came, leaving the more detailed discussion for Part II.*

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* I am selecting, at random, about twenty instances.

A. Piedmont

Locality	Arrived in U. S.	Occupation in San Francisco	Father's Occupation
1. Turin	1920(?)	helper in railroad shop	janitor in Academy of Science building
2. Turin	1912	brick and cement construction work	small farmer
3. Turin(woman)	1914	waitress, cook's helper, factory	cafe owner and truck farmer
4. Turin	1923	stevedore	railroad engineer
5. Turin	1919	machine shop owner	machine shop owner
6. Turin	1911	clerk in fruit market	silk culture business
7. Turin	1904	restaurant owner	restaurant owner
8. Turin	--	attendant at service station	farmer
9. Turin	1900	art store and plaster business	------
10. Ascoli	1913	share-farmer for produce company	farmhand
11. Aosta	1905	motorman	------
12. Asti	1917	operated a "still" until repeal	small farmer
13. Chivasso	1918	night-club owner	small farmer
14. Piedmont	1904	vineyard worker	vineyardist
15. Pinerolo	1921	cement worker	coppersmith
16. Susa (?)	1917	grocer	woodcarver
17. Tigliole	1923	worker in glass factory	furniture maker
18. Bricherasio	1927	farmhand	printer
19. Alessandria	--	chef	baker
20. Mondori	1895	restaurant worker	cattle trader

B. Liguria

Locality	Arrived in U.S.	Occupation in San Francisco	Father's Occupation
1. Genoa	1890	ranch owner, bootlegger, baker	peasant
2. Genoa	1920	baker, garbage business	farmer
3. Genoa	1900	ranch owner	quarry worker
4. Genoa	1892	student, saloon keeper, sailor, grocer	sea captain
5. Genoa	1904	accordion teacher	----
6. Genoa	1866	miner, rancher	farmer
7. Genoa	1910	lathe machinist, shoe shop	sausage store owner
8. Genoa	1920	baker, garbage business	farmer
9. Province of Genoa	1917	woodcarver, motorman	marble cutter
10. Province of Genoa	1896	agricultural laborer	peasant
11. Province of Genoa	1910	second hand furniture store	cabinet maker
12. Province of Genoa	1909	carpenter	tenant farmer
13. Province of Genoa	1919	scavenger	----
14. Province of Genoa	1888	laborer and gardener	----
15. Province of Genoa	1912	vegetable gardener	tenant farmer
16. Province of Genoa	1925(?)	Naval academy in Italy; fascist in Italy; anti-fascist and labor organizer	----
17. Province of Genoa	1895	dairy ranch	farmer
18. Province of Genoa	1916	laborer and sheet metal worker	tenant farmer
19. Solino	1914	cabinet maker	cabinet maker
20. Lonsica (woman)	1895	dressmaker	silk manufacturer; mayor of town

C. Lombardy

Locality	Arrived in U.S.	Occupation in San Francisco	Father's Occupation
1. Near Milan	1912	carpenter	carpenter
2. Milan	1913	shoe cobbler	lower middle class
3. Milan	1917	truck driver, musician	baker
4. Milan	1923	worker in tile factory	laborer
5. Milan	1925	agricultural laborer	shepherder
6. Milan	----	cook	saloon keeper
7. Milan	----	tailor	farmer
8. Milan	1910	barber	barber
9. Milan	1910	restaurant owner	laborer
10. Milan	1913	blacksmith	blacksmith
11. Milan	1882	market owner	peasant
12. Milan (woman)	1927	student	small shopkeeper
13. De Comi (woman)	1911	worker in silk factory	foundry worker
14. Mantua	1921	waiter	janitor
15. Province of Lombardy	1894	laborer and watchman	----
16. Montana	1920	cement finisher	stone mason
17. Tortona	1905	section hand, scavenger	small farmer
18. Pavia (woman)	1910	agricultural laborer	agricultural laborer
19. Province of Lombardy	----	businessman	peasant
20. Province of Lombardy	1895	florist shop	stock raiser

D. Tuscany

Locality	Arrived in U.S.	Occupation in San Francisco	Father's Occupation
1. Florence	1905	produce business, cafe owner	----
2. Florence	1927	common laborer	small farmer
3. Florence	1930	landscape gardener wholesale florist	landscape gardener
4. Florence	1914	antique furniture shop	wealthy merchant
5. Florence	1905	sculptor	manufacturer of artistic furniture
6. Florence	1933	university student	petty merchant
7. Florence	1914	businessman, real estate owner	----
8. Lucca	1894	grocery	working class
9. Lucca	1922	waiter	shopkeeper
10. Lucca	1901	produce business, employment agency	farmer
11. Lucca	1927	olive rancher	factory worker
12. Lucca	1900	restaurant owner	stone mason
13. Prato	----	chef	civil employee
14. Prato	1922	garage worker	rag and bottle business
15. Cortona	1905	pharmacist	cafe owner
16. Pisa	1875	laborer	small landowner
17. Pietrasanta	1926	laborer	worker in marble quarry
18. Province of Tuscany	1895(?)	industrial worker and fruit stand	peasant
19. Santa Fiore	1911	cabinet maker	manufacturer of artistic furniture
20. Carrara	1926(?)	marble-cutting shop	stone cutter
21. Pistoja	1880	butter factory, baker	flour mill owner

E. Venetia

Locality	Arrived in U.S.	Occupation in San Francisco	Father's Occupation
1. Venice	1915	industrial laborer	----
2. Venice	1908	pastry cook, baker	----
3. Venice	----	mill-wright	cabinet worker
4. Venice	1921	industrial laborer	----
5. Venice	1925	ice business	army captain
6. Venice	1912	shipyard worker	small farmer
7. Venice	1925(?)	industrial worker	poor peasant
8. Venice	1923	bartender	farmer
9. Province of Venetia	----	railroad worker	laborer
10. Province of Venetia (woman)	----	grocery	well-to-do
11. Province of Venetia	1910(?)	machinist	laborer
12. Province of Venetia	1921	barber	peasant
13. Treviso	1920	industrial worker	ship-wright

F. Emilia, Romagna, Umbria, the Marches, Abruzzi

Locality	Arrived in U.S.	Occupation in San Francisco	Father's Occupation
1. Bologna	1917	shoe repairing, sausage maker	tenant farmer
2. Bologna	1928	skilled laborer and musician	farmer and store-keeper
3. Abruzzi	1900	physician	agricultural laborer
4. Foligno	1920	printer	storekeeper
5. Ancona	1900	macaroni factory	laborer
6. Ferrara	---	longshoreman	peasant
7. Cremona	---	marble factory, grocery	well-to-do
8. Spoleto	1914	cement worker, contractor	stonemason
9. Pioraco (Macerata)	1923	---	stonemason
10. Piacenza	1933	business representative	manufacturer
11. Modena	1920	truck driver	clerk
12. Chieti	1924	laborer	sailor
13. Termoli	1882	flower merchant, fisherman	peasant
14. Ravenna	---	worker in winery	wine maker
15. Volterra	1902	grocery	farmer
16. Parma	1910(?)	industrial worker	peasant
17. Campobasso	1921	vegetable trucking business	peasant

G. Rome and Latium

Locality	Arrived in U.S.	Occupation in San Francisco	Father's Occupation
1. Rome	1922	staff artist radio station	violinist
2. Rome	1905	artist	----
3. Rome	1914	cobbler	cobbler
4. Rome	1917	tailor	retired merchant
5. Rome	1903	tailor	----
6. Rome (?)	----	baker	peasant
7. Rome	1931	bootblack	----
8. Rome	1925 (?)	laborer	laborer
9. Rome	1908	bookkeeper, watch-repairer	well-to-do tradesman
10. Rome	1906	salesman	ditchdigger, stevedore
11. Rome	1907	deckhand, fisherman	salesman
12. Rome	1914	merchandise business	farmer
13. Rome	1925	unemployed	unemployed
14. Rome	1899	bartender, fisherman	----
15. Rome	1892	barbershop, speculator	restaurant owner (?)
16. Rome	1915	merchandise business	farmer
17. Rome	1905	mucker	vineyardist
18. Rome	1890	restaurant owner, property owner	storekeeper
19. Near Rome	1905	coal miner, restaurant	peasant
20. Near Rome	1915	laborer, gardener	industrial laborer
21. Ostia	1920 (?)	barber	farmer
22. Velletri	1925	industrial worker	cobbler
23. Terracina	1925	deckhand	small farmer
24. Tivoli	1915	chef	industrial worker

H. Naples and Immediate Vicinity

Locality	Arrived in U.S.	Occupation in San Francisco	Father's Occupation
1. Naples	1904	gardener	lower middle class
2. Naples	1907	shoeblack, scavenger, bootlegger	laborer
3. Naples	1905	newspaper man	well-to-do businessman
4. Naples	---	restaurant owner, S.E.R.A.	school teacher
5. Naples	1920(?)	floor-layer, S.E.R.A.	----
6. Naples	1904	barber	barber
7. Naples	1890(?)	bartender, lunch-counter owner	----
8. Naples	1890(?)	insurance agent, barber	wealthy merchant
9. Naples	---	miner, lumberjack	laborer
10. Naples	1933	garbage truck, saloon owner	----
11. Naples	1920	laborer, cafe owner	tourist guide
12. Naples	1905	bootblack stand	farmer
13. Naples	1932	commission merchant	----
14. Naples	---	blacksmith	blacksmith
15. Naples	1900(?)	shoemaker	shoemaker
16. Near Naples	1919	commission broker (?)	contractor
17. Near Naples	---	gardener	gardener
18. Near Naples	1907	truck gardener	truck gardener
19. Salerno	1919	barber	orchardist
20. Sorrento	---	salami maker, hotel employee	rich storekeeper

I. Calabria, Basilicata, Apulia

Locality	Arrived in U.S.	Occupation in San Francisco	Father's Occupation
1. Bari	----	on relief	rich vineyardist
2. Bari	1930	railroad laborer	peasant farmer
3. Calabria	1908	sailor	fisherman
4. Calabria	1901	vegetable storekeeper	agricultural laborer
5. Calabria	1905	agricultural laborer	peasant
6. Calabria	1920	fruit market operator	peasant
7. Pizzo	---	clerk	clerk
8. Pizzo	1904	importer	rich upper class
9. Cesenza	---	merchandise business	----
10. Cesenza	1915	railroad laborer	farmer
11. Corrigliano	1914	tailor	---
12. Corrigliano	1892	barber	---
13. Corrigliano	1905	building trades	---
14. Caggiano	1888	broker	---
15. Caggiano	1883	wholesale liquor store	---
16. Croton	---	fisherman	---
17. Gulf of Taranto	1904	fisherman	fisherman
18. Verbicara (woman)	---	factory worker	peasant
19. Molfetta	----	railroad laborer	fisherman

J. Sicily

Locality	Arrived in U.S.	Occupation in San Francisco	Father's Occupation
1. Messina	1895	commission business	sea captain
2. Messina	1901	graduate student	middle class farmer
3. Messina	1912	clerk	laborer
4. Messina	1906(?)	fisherman, bootblack	fisherman
5. Sicily	1914	shoe repair shop	shoemaker
6. Sicily	1910	janitor, glover	well-to-do
7. Sicily	1905	blacksmith	flour mill employer
8. Syracuse	---	laborer, fruitvender	---
9. Casabona	1900	bartender, bootblack stand	shoemaker
10. Central Sicily	1898	barber	shoemaker
11. Girgenti	1925(?)	packing-house worker	laborer
12. Catania	1920	nurseryman	nurseryman
13. Southern Sicily	1907	truck gardener, cement worker	farmer
14. Caltanisetta	1914	laborer, owner of cheese factory	peasant
15. Palermo	1908	commercial fisherman	stone cutter
16. Palermo	1897	industrial laborer, fisherman	laborer
17. Palermo	1902	fisherman	fisherman
18. Palermo	1906	plumber	peasant farmer
19. Palermo	1919	fisherman	fisherman
20. Palermo	1921	shoemaker	blacksmith
21. Palermo	1910	grocery store	teamster
22. Palermo	1915	liquor business	export fruit business
23. Palermo	1905	barber	owner of grocery
24. Palermo	1919	baker	woodcarver

K. Trieste, Trentino, and Ticino, Etc.

	Locality	Arrived in U.S.	Occupation in San Francisco	Father's Occupation
1.	Trieste	1901	foreman in paste factory	middle class farmer
2.	Trieste	1926	advertiser	---
3.	Trieste	1910	boilermaker	laborer
4.	Trieste	1894	commission business	well-to-do
5.	Trieste	1922	waiter	shipyard mechanic
6.	Trieste	1914	laborer, boilermaker	fisherman, farmer
7.	Trieste	1926(?)	construction business	wealthy
8.	Trieste	1904	decorator	interior decorator
9.	Trieste	---	musician	laborer
10.	Locarno	---	restaurant owner	poor peasant
11.	Menaggio (Switzerland)	---	bellboy	---
12.	Lake Como	1920	stone mason, janitor	peasant farmer
13.	Lago Maggiore	1913	wine merchant	wine merchant
14.	Ticino (Switzerland)	1918	farmer	cheesemaker
15.	Trent	---	porter	peasant
16.	Trent	1907	janitor	merchant
17.	Dumdroma	1895	liquor business, barber	wine merchant

The facts contained in the previous lists refer exclusively to first generation immigrants and, as indicated before, the conditions under which the survey was conducted make them applicable only to a certain section of the immigrant population, the largest, it is true. It does not contain adequate information about those who amassed great wealth in San Francisco nor does it take into consideration the children of immigrants born here, or the children of mixed marriages.

With regard to the first point it can be said that as far as the tremendous change of occupation of father and son is concerned, the members of the wealthy group agree with their less fortunate compatriots. Similarly, they seem to have come from almost as wide an area in Italy as the others. On such matters it is, of course, extremely difficult to get accurate statistics. No Who's Who for Italians of California exists. In 1929, however, something that corresponds remotely to such a directory for business men was published under the title of Attivita Italiane in California.* I need not comment upon the manner in which such local directories are drawn up or financed.** Still this one contains some interesting information and reflects the attitude of the economically and socially dominant group of

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* In the Italian colony the volume is, at times, sarcastically referred to as Il Libro d' Oro, The Golden Book.

** This can perhaps be best gauged by the manner in which the great banker Giannini is referred to. Only the original Italian can do justice to the momentous events which are contrasted, the discovery of America by the Genoese Columbus and the founding of the Bank of Italy by the Genoese Giannini:-

"Nella decade seconda dell' ottobre 1492, gli equipaggi di tre navicelli.....si erano fermati, ebbri di goia, in faccia alla Nuova Terra, que apriva loro le braccia con un amoroso cenno d' invito. Egli (the captain) era stato nutrito col cibo della Lupa, vigilante sul Campidoglio: veniva dai colli verdi, carrezzati dal mare di Liguria; si chiamava Christoforo Colombo e dava all' umanita un Mondo Nuovo.

"Nella decade seconda dell' Ottobre 1904....un altro Ligure....dalle romane linee qudrate, dall' ampia fronte, allegiata dal misterioso segno, con cui il genio sigilla i suoi predestinati, attorniato, come

Italians. A cursory glance through the volume yields the following. I am including a number of individuals who do not reside in San Francisco.

Locality	Occupation
Tuscany) Sicily) Liguria)	banker *
Genoa	banker
Genoa	banker
Catania	factory owner
Ticino (Switzerland)	architect
Varese	architect
Tuscany	manufacturer
Lucca	manufacturer
Sicily	industrialist
Lucca	industrialist
Genoa	vineyardist
Lucca	industrialist
Rome	industrialist

---

l' Altro, da uomini forgiati nell' acciaio, gettava le prime basi, i primi pilastri, su cui sarebbe sorto edificio immensaments grandioso.

"Questo secondo Ligure gigantesco si chiamava Amedeo Peter Giannini; l' edificio ch' egli costriuva protava un nome fatidico: Bank of Italy.

Surely this bears out the purely apocryphal story that went the rounds among Wall Street reporters in 1930 before Giannini's "retirement". Said an awed but very resentful banker of New England lineage, with well known hauteur, to an almost equally dismayed lawyer friend: "We simply cannot have this Sicilian peasant fruit vendor at the head of the nation's banking." To which the lawyer answered: "Don't be so sure about his origin. I have a strong suspicion that Giannini is the descendant of a Roman emperor."

* Local gossip has it that three sections of Italy have, at different times, fought for and rejected the honor of claiming this banker as their own, depending upon the value of the bank stock.

Locality	Occupation
Lucca	farm industrialist
Ticino	farm industrialist
Piedmont	farm industrialist
Cosenza	industrialist
Chiavari	industrialist
Genoa	industrialist
Genoa	industrialist
Milano	business man *
Tuscany	business man
Messina	factory owner
Sicily	business man
Sicily	manufacturer
Naples	business man

In other words all sections of Italy have their due share of representation among the small number of Italians who did magnificently well just as they have among the equally large group to whom California has meant a lowering of status and a demoralization of values.

The children of the immigrants, for the most part, retain the same social status as their parents. Only a very small percentage, a much smaller one than among other minority groups, go to college or enter the professions. Out of approximately six hundred families from San Francisco and Alameda counties this amounts to barely five per cent. A short tabulation, covering fifteen such families, will perhaps indicate most clearly from

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* About him our business directory says: "Patriota entusiasta e adoratore profondo dell' Italia.....reco nel suo ultimo viaggio, fatto con la famiglia, in Italia uno spendido servizio per caffe (sic) fatto da scheggie di proiettili (sic) a S. E. il Presidente del Consiglio e Capo del Governo, Benito Mussolini, il ~~quete~~ gli dono, una propria fotografia autografa." p. 215.

what type of family the professionals come:

Birthplace of Parent	Occupation of Parent	Profession of native-born Child
----------	farmer	two teachers, one nurse (father an Englishman)
Northern Italy	well-to-do farmer	dentist
Southern Italy	fisherman	one chemist, one architectural engineer
Naples	servant	teacher
Northern Italy	well-to-do farmer	three musicians
Central Italy	bricklayer	musician
Central Italy	farmer	violinist
Trieste	farmer	three university graduates
Sicily	baker	three university graduates
Palermo	stone cutter	dentist
Messina	sea captain	two college graduates
Lucca	industrial laborer	lawyer
Lucca	lower middle class	college graduate
Province of Piedmont	baker (?)	three college graduates
Turin	wealthy	two college graduates, one nurse

This short table again confirms our main contention, that no particular part of Italy has a preponderance in representation in San Francisco, be it in business life or in the professions.

III. Fisherman's Village

No account of the composition of the Italian population of San Francisco would be complete without special reference to Fisherman's Wharf and Hunter's Point and the colonies of fishermen, the majority of whom

are Italians bound up with its life. Today, whatever may have been the case previously, they are preponderantly of Sicilian origin. Not only the fishermen themselves but the owners and promoters as well are Italians. It is a community within a community, untouched by the outside world and coming into contact with it only when business demands it. There is consequently no assimilation to American customs or American attitudes such as the ordinary man understands them. Let no one imagine, however, that theirs is a romantic life. Sitting in a comfortable chair in one of the numerous little fish restaurants around Fisherman's Wharf is hardly the proper place from which to view it. Perhaps the following documents will give us a better idea both of the extent of the fisheries, of the economic and social problems that develop, and the actual life of the fishermen.

A. Informant an American of English Antecedents.

> Virtually every unit of the independent fishing fleet operating off the coast of California is owned and manned by foreign-borns. That assertion is on authority of Mr. B, a leader of the San Francisco fishing colony, and reputed to know as much of the operation and ownership of fish boats and equipment as any person about the wharves.
>
> Mr. B knows only two American-born owners now in the fleet; and these inherited their boats from Italian-born sires. Both American boats are obsolete, particularly if the owners elect to engage in sardine fishing, which is larger and more profitable than all other California fisheries combined.
>
> More than 1,000 independent fish boats ply California waters. The term independent applies to a boat in which packers and large fish dealers and distributors have no material interest; boats that operate independently of direction from others except their owners.
>
> The fleet and its equipment represent an investment of approximately $2,000,000. Crews run from three to seven men to a boat. Counting shore men, at least 5,000 persons are employed by the fishing fleet. A majority of these are Italians. Other nationalities represented include Portuguese, Spanish, French, Hindus, South Sea Islanders, Japanese, Javanese and Chinese. Seldom does one of the Nordic, Saxon or Anglo-Saxon races enter the California fishing industry independently.

Preponderance of Italian blood may be explainable, first, by the fact that many of those engaged in the fleet were employed in commercial fishing before coming to America, in fact, came here in anticipation of continuing their occupation at a larger profit; second, several of the large buyers and distributors of California fish are Italian-born or of Italian extraction; third, the nature of the work does not appeal to the average American, and can be endured only by those of the most rugged constitution; fourth, Italians are good sailors, and the small boats in which they operate in rough waters require seamanship.

Division of returns from a California fish boat, up until two years ago was much fairer than in other countries; and, despite recent heavy cuts in profits he believes few California fishermen would swap their present conditions for their former estates. At present the industry is in a critical slump; many boats are offered for sale, and hundreds of men who have followed the occupation almost all their lives, are seeking other work. Opening of sardine canneries in North California on September 1, will relieve much of this distress.

Few of the owners and members of the crews live on their boats. Their homes, however, invariably are near the wharves from which they operate; and every California fishing port of importance has its "Fishing Village." A commercial fisherman associates with commercial fishermen, and their families have little in common with the world outside their "villages."

Children of San Francisco's "Fishing Village" appear universally well nourished, if not universally clean. Possibly half of the adults of the Village do not speak English.

Of necessity, fish boat crews are well fed. The exceptions to this rule are the craft of Orientals, but the number of these is negligible. Following is a sample of a meal on a boat owned by an Italian and manned by four Italians and one Portuguese: four kinds of sausages, three kinds of cheese, celery, lettuce, mixed pickles, rye bread and butter, canned pears and gingersnaps, good wine and indifferent coffee with canned milk. With the exception of coffee, the meal was served cold, as the boat was out on a cruise of only six hours. On longer runs, the crew said, hot meals were prepared in a diminutive galley.

Members of this crew were intelligent, but uncultured, and, judging from descriptions of their lives and habits, extremely clannish. Children of the fisher folk, my informant asserted, almost invariably refuse to follow the occupation and modes of life of their parents, most of them deserting the villages on attaining an age of self-support.

One branch of the California fishing industry--a branch that came into existence only four years ago--has grown to such proportions, it is reported by the State Fish and Game Commision, that extermination of the California sardine is inevitable unless some check is adopted immediately. That is the floating reduction plant. Here, too, the investigation revealed, the workers are almost exclusively foreigners or of foreign birth. Promoters and owners, however, are said to be largely Americans.

A floating reduction plant is a ship converted into a factory. These plants buy sardines from a fleet of small boats, then convert the fish into oil, fish meal and fertilizer. They make no pretense at manufacturing a product fit for human consumption. The oil and fish meal are sold almost exclusively to poultry establishments for use in forcing fowls to early maturity and egg production.

The first floating reduction plant started operations four years ago. Unit No. 2 made its appearance the following season. Four plants were working last season, and six are reported ready to take to the waters September 1, (1934) the opening date of the sardine season in North California.

In view of the fact that fish boats largely manned and owned by men of foreign extraction "feed" the floating reductories, and that the physical operation of the plants themselves largely is in the hands of aliens or foreign-born, a review of the industry may be of importance. Hence, the following:

A reduction plant anchors twelve miles off shore, out of jurisdiction of the State. However, it is supplied by boats that fish either within or without the State's jurisdiction.

Inasmuch as the fishing boats can work nearer to their "mother" factory, they can sell to the floating plant for less than if forced to bring their catch twenty or thirty miles to a shore cannery. Also, the shore canner must pay the State 50 cents a ton on all fish brought to the plant, and is prohibited by law from manufacturing edible sardines into anything but human food. His manufacture of fish meal and fertilizer must, under the law, come from offal and fish that reach the plant unfit for human consumption. In brief, his by-products take nothing from the world's food wealth; whereas, the floating competitor turns hundreds of thousands of pounds of valuable food into hen tonic, with which the market already is over-supplied.

The floating plant brings its products into port duty free, customs officials have ruled, because those products did not originate in a foreign country. The fact they were produced by foreigners has no bearing on the issue under the customs laws.

As a pound oval tin of California sardines retails today at from 12½ to 15 cents--they have been as low as 8 cents--packers depended largely on their by-products to keep the business going. Now, they insist, a $10,000,000 industry, employing many thousand men and women, must be scrapped unless a way can be found to suppress the floating reduction plants. The State appears to be powerless; and the Federal government to date has done nothing.

But the controversy between the shore canneries and the ship reduction plants is not the most serious phase of the situation. Reduction of sardines by packers was curtailed four years ago, then restricted to offal, when State research experts reported the supply was rapidly being depleted and was certain of extinction unless conservation measures were adopted. This survey showed that the California sardine spawns in a limited area or circle approximately 200 miles in diameter. Effort to propogate the fish in other waters failed, due to unsuitable temperature, depth, currents and food. Hence only the increase of each spawning cycle could be used if the species was not to be exterminated. But since the appearance of floating reduction plants, it is estimated that 500,000 tons, one billion pounds, more than the supply justified have been taken from the sea each year.

B. Informant an American of English Antecedents

Where there is fishing on a commercial basis in California there are Latins in number. The Italian follows the fish just as instinctively as a gull trails a scavenger ship. He seems particularly fitted for the task of fisherman; the trade lures him as much as a sport as a means of life. He excels in pursuit of any kind of fish from shrimps to salmon, smelt to sardine, lobster to crab. And wherever there is a cannery or a fish wharf there is a colony of Latins, with Italians predominating.

The village of a dozen or more shacks on the flat land that stretches back from Hunter's Point is strictly Italian. The land on which these fishermen have built their little homes has never been deeded to occupants of the shacks. They pay no rent, and they have nailed together the crudest of buildings to be occupied, in most instances, temporarily, when the shrimp plant at the tip of Hunter's Point is in seasonal operation. The occupants of these crude homes engage in shrimp netting or are employed in the plant at such times as it is open. In "off seasons" most of them join the fishing Village at the western base of Telegraph Hill.

It cost the occupants of Hunter's Point shacks little or nothing to build their temporary homes. Much of the material from which the small dwellings were constructed was salvaged from tidelands in the vicinity. None of the houses is more

than two tiny rooms; most of them are single room shelters. Crudely built, they are equally poorly furnished. Yet the two into which I gained admission were clean. One was constructed of salvaged sheet-iron nailed over a framework of salvaged two-by-fours. Undoubtedly, this little home is extremely hot when there is sun, and cold in seasons of rain. Some of the shacks have water piped into the house; other tenants obtain their water from a community tap in the backyard of a neighbor. The occupants depend on wood for cooking and heat, salvaging their fuel from the tidelands. Also the places are lighted by kerosene lamps.

Half a dozen or more milk goats are tethered a short distance from these homes, feeding on marsh grass that covers unused space of the peninsula.

"Pete," a patriarch of the village, says the Italian likes his goat milk in preference to that of cows. At seasons when the colony shifts to Fishing Village, the goats are taken down the peninsula, Pete says, to be farmed out to gardeners--also Italians--who readily consent to feed the animals for the milk.

Pete--if he has any other name even his neighbors do not seem to know it--Pete has been a resident of the Point colony periodically for more than 20 years. He took up residence in a shack of his own construction at the opening of the shrimp plant on the Point, and has found employment seasonally there ever since.

Pete is a very old man. Before entering the shrimping trade he was a member of a crew of one of the fish boats with a berth at Fisherman Wharf. He turned to shrimp fishing when he became too old to stand the strain as a purse seiner or gill-netter. Pete does not know how long he has been in California; but says he came here from Italy as a boy. His father worked on the early-day fishing boats; and Pete recalls when tidelands extended as far uptown as Sansome street. He says he has seined sanddab and sole and caught them by lure in deep water that covered the spot where the Ferry Building now stands.

There was only a small Italian Colony at the foot of Telegraph Hill when Pete landed in California with his father. He has seen this Latin quarter grow from a few small buildings to a population of approximately 10,000.

Pete says the Italian will go without proper clothing and stint himself on food to own a home. That, he adds, is especially true of the up-land or hill country Italians from the Tyrol district. Pete, himself, once owned a home at the base of Telegraph Hill, but was wiped out by fire. His wife died shortly after, and now, he insists, he does not need a home.

"This place," he says, "is good enough when we are running the shrimp." (He referred to a one-room shack).

"And what do you do when the shrimp plant closes?"

"Mend nets. There are lots of nets to mend on the water front."

"Then net-mending is your real trade?"

"Oh, I can mend nets; but I like to fish. I like even to catch the shrimp."

Pete admits it is hard to live without a wife; but insists he is too old to marry, and that it would be difficult at present to support a wife. A wife who would support him, Pete continues, would be hard to find.

Pete has a little money laid by. "Not much. But I can die." Also, he still pays tax on the land from which his home was burned. That, he says, will keep him when he is old. (The man appears to be near 80.) There is a sale for Telegraph Hill property even in these times, Pete says, and the valuations in that district have shown an increase in the last four years, while realty in other parts of the city has slipped continuously. Several wealthy Italians, Pete reports, have bought property on the hill at foreclosure in the last two years and are holding it for speculation. Pete estimates there are at least ten Italians, or persons of Italian extraction, in San Francisco who are worth a million. All of them, he says, came here with virtually nothing, or were born here of poor parents.

Pete says he would like to return to Italy to "see Mussolini." "Everyone wants to see Mussolini. He's a great man."

"Would you like to return there to live?"

Peter runs his fingers through his long hair, and frowns. "I don't know. I was very young when I came here; and I have been here so long."

"How long?"

"Oh, maybe sixty years."

"Then you are not eighty?"

"I don't know. I never did know when I was born."

"Have you always been able to make a living in America?"

"I have always been able to live. Sometimes I have no work. But I have never been to the Board. (Italian Board of Relief)

Some people live off the Board all the time. Most of the Mexicans do. But I wouldn't go to the Board. I can live. If I can't fish I can mend nets; if I can't mend nets I can cook shrimps. When I can't do anything I can clean boats and nail up boxes in the cannery. Oh, I can live."

"You like the shrimping?"

Pete shakes his head. "I like the gillnet and the purse seine and the lampara and the little boats. I don't like the shrimp. But I am an old man. And an old man cannot go out with the purse seineand the lampara boat."

By "lampara boat" Pete means the smaller fishing craft that originated on the Mediterranean before Christ. It has changed little in shape and construction since, and is said to be the most seaworthy little boat ever designed. It has come to be called "lampara," I believe, because that is the name of the seineit usually carries.

Pete says he owns several of the goats tethered on Hunter's Point, and that he loans them to poor Italians, who take turn-by-turn in supplying Pete with milk.

It costs Pete very little to live, he says. He has plenty of milk from the farmed out goats; free fish. He goes to "packing town" not far from the Point for his meat; and he kills the buck kids as his goat herd multiplies. The meat Pete can't eat when he "sacrifices" a goat is distributed in the colony.

"Nearly always," Pete says, "they pay back in food."

Pete's back is a little bent, his face leatherlike, his hands gnarled. "Always," he says, "I work hard."

Pete serves a large tumbler of good claret wine.

"You make this?"

"I cannot make that good wine. It is made by my friend. I trade him fish and goat meat for good wine."

Will the visitor stay for lunch? Pete has some very fine fresh shrimp. Oh, no, he will not boil the shrimp. That is not the best way. Peel them and fry in olive oil. That is the way for shrimp to be good.

Pete peels his fresh shrimp with a single jerk. It is an art. He fries it deep-fat in oil. It is very good, like the wine; but Pete's black bread is very bad, his lettuce wilted. But the goat's milk cheese he serves makes up for that.

No, he did not make the cheese. It is "sapsago." The wife of a neighbor only knows how to make "sapsago." The guest tries to

interpret. Is "sap" milk in Tyrol Italian? "Sago"? Probably goat. Maybe cheese.

Pete serves another too generous mug of wine. We drink from heavy porcelean cups. Always, Pete says, he has drunk wine. He would like to accompany the guest downtown. Maybe there will be nets to mend. The man has been on a boat all night; has not slept. Still, he does not appear tired. These Italians are good seamen.

Pete does not lock his shack door on leaving. His neighbors might want to borrow something.

C. Informant an Italian

I was born near the city, Palermo in a small fishing village. My father was a fisherman as had been his and my father's people for generations. So it was natural that I also should become a fisherman. When I was small I sometimes made short trips in my father's boat. It was moved by himself and some of his relatives. It was small, much smaller than the boats now in use on the California coast.

It was rigged with a lateen sail and had no power but oars. Trips lasted several days when looking for schools of fish.

When I was fourteen I became a regular member of the crew, my father's uncle, who was an old man, having retired which left a place open for me. I felt very proud of being a man and did my best to hold up my end.

We fished mostly for anchovies that we took in nets. It was not hard work as the fish were small and the nets light. The greatest skill lay in finding the school and then we usually loaded our boat in one or two casts.

Sometimes, however, a storm would come up and we would have to throw most of our catch overboard and run for shelter. This was hard luck as our work had been all for nothing. When the fish were brought in they were put into large casks, covered with brine and allowed to cure. Later when the fish stopped running and we were ashore they were sorted and repacked for sale and for shipment to Naples.

When I was twenty-two my cousin and I, after talking it over for some time, decided to come to California where we had relatives that had come over some time before.

We took steerage passage on an Italian steamer and in due time arrived in New York where, after passing the emigration officers, we were escorted to the train for California.

We went to San Francisco, then to Pittsburg, California and shortly after that to Monterey. After arriving in Monterey I got a job as one of the crew on a sardine fishing boat and joined the fisherman's union. The work was by no means new to me as the methods used were not unlike the ones I had been brought up to, only on a larger scale.

The entire fishing fleet at Monterey was owned and manned by Sicilians so it was not like being among strangers, and I got along well.

The fishermen lived the lives of Sicilians and among themselves, spoke only the Sicilian dialect. As a consequence it was a long time before I learned much English and even now after fifteen years in this country it is sometimes hard for me to make myself understood in English or to understand a conversation in that language.

My children, five in number were all born in this country. They speak English well, so well in fact that I cannot always understand them and they have to repeat in Sicilian so that I can get their meaning.

During the good fishing years I accumulated enough to buy my own boat and a home for my family. But since the price of fish has been so low I have just been able to get along. However, I hope for better times. My boys when they grow up will help me with my work and I hope eventually will take my business over.

D. Informant an American of English Antecedents

The food needs of a city as large as San Francisco are very great. Night and day the trucks and trains must keep running, the warehouses and commission district stores keep their stocks moving to supply the populace. And with no let up the small army of fishermen must chug out in their little launches through the Golden Gate to catch the fish San Francisco consumes in enormous quantities. Restaurants must be supplied with fish, hotels, markets and homes. Hundreds of boats and many hundreds of men make up the fishing industry of San Francisco and a more carefree, hardier crew it would be hard to find. One of the oldest fishermen in San Francisco is Peter, who has been sailing out through the Golden Gate for thirty-five years. From the bay he has watched the skyline of San Francisco change many times--once quickly and tragically as in the earthquake and fire of 1906. Peter's story is interesting because it is a bit different than that of the usual immigrant.

He was born in Rome, Italy in 1864. When he was old enough to work he was sent to his brother's farm outside the city. But

he had no liking for farming and when he was sixteen he came back to Rome and managed to live by doing any odd jobs a boy of his years could find. His parents were still in Rome but he did not return to them, being afraid they would send him back to the farm. When he was eighteen he got work in a shoe manufacturing concern, where he worked for ten years. Then he got married. His wife bore him two sons--lived with him four years--and then vanished with the two boys so completely that he has never found a trace of them. It was then he began to go down--he gambled, drank and very soon he was without either money or friends.

It was then his family stepped in and after a long conclave he was persuaded to come to America. He makes it plain that it wasn't for his good he was advanced money by his family to make the trip, but merely to get rid of him once and for all. So at the age of thirty-five with a rather full half life behind him and no particular hope or ambition for the future Peter came to America. He hadn't one friend or relative in the United States, he had no plans--all he knew was that in the larger cities there were Italian colonies where at least he could be among his own people.

He stayed in New York for three years until 1902. He says they were very happy years. Everything was new to him, he was among his own people, and for the first time he began to take an interest in study. As big as he was and as old he didn't want to go to school--so he hired an Italian who was well educated to teach him the language, and also grammar school subjects of which he knew little or nothing. He did not work while he was in New York, he had money and the New World was very interesting to him. This was his undoing--he began to gamble and drink in New York and soon, as in Rome, he was without money or friends.

It was then he came to San Francisco--not directly by any means--for it took him two years to get here. He had five dollars when he left New York--he just turned his face westward and walked out of the great city--because then he didn't know how to jump freights or ride passenger trains without paying fare. But he soon learned. The easy life of the hobo was much to his liking. He went up and down the United States from Canada to the Mexican border many times and never once did he go hungry for he was always willing to work--a little. He packed wook in Utah, getting into a big sack and stamping it down with his feet; worked in the mines of Colorado and Arizona; picked fruit in California and did many other odd jobs to keep himself going. In the spring of 1907 he came to San Francisco and here he has been ever since.

His first job in San Francisco was as a roustabout in a saloon on the old Barbary Coast. He says it was his knowledge of drinks that soon made him an assistant bartender and then the

main bartender. The saloon was a fisherman's hangout and he became interested in their tales of the work. The out-door life was much to his liking and when he had saved a little money he bought a share in a boat. Unlike another Italian fisherman interviewed, Peter states that many obstacles were put in his way when he tried to break into the industry. He says it was a regular free-for-all at that time; he hints at a secret society that tried to frighten and run off new fishermen; he tells of times his nets were cut, not by large fish, but by knives. Fights were a daily occurrence, but as he was big and strong he could hold his own with anyone, face to face, and soon he was let alone to fish in peace.

After he had proved himself and been accepted, life became a very happy affair for him. He was with his own people, he was in a business that appealed to him, he was free, and he was making money. The ride out through the darkness of the Gate in the early morning hours; the ever present jug of wine in the boat; the songs, the companionship of his own people, the free but hard life, all was much to his liking and he throve on it financially and physically.

Every trick of the trade he learned--what dealers on the wharf paid the best prices--when it was best to sell to the dealers and when best to go directly to the hotels or restaurants--what variety of fish was in demand--what kind was fit only for fertilizer factories.

But though he is a fine fisherman and very skillful at all angles, Peter's main interest seems to be in the life he has been able to lead as a fisherman. He seems to like most the companionship he has enjoyed; the gathering of the families on a Sunday at the wharves to repair the nets and sing the songs and speak the language of the old country; the drinking bouts and the out-of-door life. But he adds rather sorrowfully that he is too old for much drinking now--a glass of wine now and then at the home and that is all. It was at one of these Sunday outings at the wharves that he met his second wife. This was in 1908 when he was forty-four. He got married and became a citizen of the United States on the same day. His wife was born in San Francisco and she was shocked to learn he had been in America nearly ten years and hadn't taken out his papers. From the day of his second marriage Peter's life fell into a smooth, rather monotonous groove. He fished, he raised a family, he became a good citizen. He has four sons--one fishes with him, one is still in high school, one is a motion picture operator or cameraman in Hollywood, one has about a year more to go before he is a doctor.

Peter is seventy years old now. While harried and grizzled yet he is still a strong man. The old wild days in Italy are far behind him, like a mist in his memory. He is very American. His family is here, his interests are here, all his life

is here. To talk with him would lead one to believe he had been born here. He has had his troubles, but all in all his adopted country has treated him very well indeed. And he is quick to say that he has treated America very well in return. All he cares about is that he keeps his health so that he can fish as long as he's able to walk on two feet. For to Peter fishing off the Golden Gate is not a business, but an art and should be respected as such.

IV. Human Types as Indicated by Illustrative Autobiographies

In order to complete our remarks about the composition of the Italian population and to give these remarks a more concrete and vivid significance, I am adding a representative number of life sketches.

A. Milanese Laborer

a. The Husband

Mr. M. was born in 1870, in a small village outside the city of Milan in the province of Lombardy. His parents were of the laboring class, poor, and all worked. His brothers and sisters were older than he; shared the family labor at home and in gardens and fields. He was brought up as a gardner; later worked in a tile factory. He served two years in the Italian army, six months of this time in North Africa.

In 1894, when he was twenty-four years of age, he married an Italian woman in California. He came to this country when twenty-three years old, in 1892 or 1893, and moved around the bay region working, from San Jose to Petaluma, finally settling in Alameda when he married, and where he has lived ever since. He has worked for many years in a tile factory in Alameda. At present M. owns his own home and has an extensive garden and vegetable plot; he grows much of his own food.

Former Status:

M. is a typical Lombardic Italian with reddish hair, now turning grey. His eyes are brown although those of his grand-children are light blue; their hair is brilliant brick red.

He described his former life as being one of hard work. His community was essentially one that lived on farming and laboring in quarries, mines, crude factories, and the like. His family was very poor; they were forced to raise their own vegetables and could afford very little meat, occasionally on feast days; no chickens; some fruit. They lived largely on rice which was grown in their immediate vicinity; had their own cheeses; were often too poor to buy wine, although they made some.

Present Status:

M. now owns his own home and garden plot. He is well off, his house is large, comfortable and scrupulously clean. His children are married and living in their own homes.

He works in a tile factory, where seemingly most of the Italian colony work. M. is getting rather old, but is still very vigorous and in excellent health. He works in his garden when not employed in the factory. He is highly respected by neighbors, except for a French woman down the block.

He raises his own vegetables; makes his own wine; imports rice from Italy, preferring it to the local variety on the market; still maintains Italian food habits, as he lives on rice, antipasto, wine, cooked vegetables, very little meat.

M. has retained Italian customs. He is very affable and hospitable, offering me wine; entertains friends in the roomy and comfortable kitchen, wondrously clean and has a very neat yard. He has his own well and is independent of the city system, although using the well only for the garden.

Education:

M. can read and write, though I feel but poorly, Italian. He speaks English poorly, the language suffering from a rush of poorly pronounced words and a stentorian voice. He reads but little; they take no local nor Italian papers. Their children know Italian but prefer English. The grandchildren know a little Italian, I gathered, but answer it with English.

Attitudes:

Prefers life in this country. He came here to work, he somewhat indefinitely explained, lived with friends at first, people of his own village. He feels the depression as rather "tough", working hours have been cut down considerably. He and his family do not appear to have suffered at all, due to raising their own food and living cheaply.

b. The Wife

Mrs. M. was born near Milan in the province of Lombardy, Italy, in the year 1873. Her father made and sold brushes of all kinds, making them from rushes gathered from nearby streams and marshes. They were of the laboring class and very poor.

She came to California in 1883 at the age of ten years, via New York City, and lived in San Francisco until the age of eighteen years, when she married. She settled down in Alameda, where she has lived ever since.

She presented her first husband with a daughter, now forty years old. This daughter is married to an Italian and has two children of her own. Her family is living in the Italian

colony in Alameda. Mrs. M. and her second husband had three children, one aged thirty-six,unmarried, lives at home, and works as a laborer. A second, aged thirty-four, is married to an Italian and has two children. The third child died in infancy.

Former Status:

Born of a very poor family belonging to the laboring class, she only remembers that her family was poor. All her older sisters worked in the brush works. She described her family life, a typically Italian one. They lived on rice, which they raised, and on other vegetables; had little wine, or meat; had cheese, fruit and some antipasto.

Present Status:

Her sisters and brothers are now living in Italy, on the same level, socio-economically, as had once been hers. Her husband is fairly well-off for his class; they live comfortably on his part-time labor. They profit by raising their own vegetables and by making their own wine. They have a large garden and are noted in the vicinity for their beautiful lawn and flowers, in which they take pride.

Education:

Mrs. M. reads Italian and English, and speaks English very well, much better than her husband. She appears to be the better educated of the two, although the quieter. They do not take Italian papers, nor do they read much.

Attitudes:

She prefers Italian food and complains of the food that they have to buy in this country. Formerly they bought their rice which was imported from Italy. They prefer Italian cooking and still live on typical Italian diet; rice, boiled vegetables, some meat, wine, antipasto and cheese.

She seemed rather old and tired, quite reserved, although she answered all questions graciously. She was quite cordial.

They both resented the depression a little, spoke of having to get along with less, leaving one with the feeling that they still lived comfortably.

She gives one the impression that she likes this country, but speaks well of Italy, and excuses her lack of knowledge, thereof as being due to the early age at which she left Milan. Once she spoke quite decidedly, saying that living in America was better; they were better off financially, economically. She has never returned to Italy and said she had no desire to do so.

B. A Lucchese Proletarian

I was born in the city of Lucca in the province of Tuscany, Italy. My boyhood home was a large house used by several families and fronted on a square court set back from the street. The court had a stone fountain with a tank like a horse-trough in the center. This is where we got our water for cooking and washing. The water came in through a terra-cotta pipe, from where I never knew.

Our cooking was done over a charcoal stove, sometimes out of doors in good weather.

We had no plumbing, the slops being emptied into the gutter, and other waste carried to the street where it was picked up by a donkey cart.

Our food was mainly macaroni, polenta (corn meal mush) vegetables, some fish--rarely meat; olive oil and wine.

I did not have much time for play for from as early a time as I can remember, I had to take care of my brother who was two years younger than myself. When I was six years old we often made excursions together around the district, picking up anything we could find that we thought worth while bringing home. My mother encouraged us in this and we would get vegetables and pieces of charcoal which could be used at home. We often had to fight to hold what we had, as older boys would try to take it away from us, and if we went into another district too far from home, we were almost sure to get into a fight and be robbed of everything we had found.

I did not go to school as I had to help my mother with the family which kept increasing, though one brother and two sisters died before we left Italy.

My father, who had no regular job, did not stay home very much, but probably did the best he could to keep his family.

We were very poor and often the neighbors who were little better off than we, helped us. My father often spoke of going to America where his brother had gone some time before. When I was fourteen, my uncle Frank, who had a ranch on Sherman Island (Sacramento River delta) sent us money to come to California.

We started - father, mother, two younger children and myself. Other families from Lucca were also leaving for America at the same time. We took a ship to Genoa, where we took the big steamer for New York. The trip was very rough and we were all seasick. We were kept below most of the time on account of the weather and were crowded and miserable. I had the two younger ones to look after and was surely busy.

The trip lasted about three weeks as the ship stopped at Naples and Palermo to take on more passengers.

After we reached New York, we took the train and were comfortable. A man on the train saw that we got meals and kept order among the passengers in the car.

My uncle met us at San Francisco and took us to Antioch on the river boat, then to his ranch.

The ranch grew potatoes and onions and the children who were old enough, worked for my uncle who gave us a small house to live in. The work was hard, but we were more comfortable than in Lucca and had better food and more of it. I was strong and able to do a man's work; but my mother, after another baby came, was not so well; nor were the other children who were not as robust as myself. So after about two years, we moved to the city. My father went on ahead and got a job as carriage washer in a livery stable.

Soon after we got settled, I got a job in a can factory on Market Street and worked there until the earthquake of 1906.

None of us were hurt in the earthquake, but our home and everything we had, except the clothes we had on, were lost.

Uncle Frank came and looked us up and we went back to the ranch for almost a year. After that we moved back to the city and my father got his old job as carriage washer back again and held it until there were no more carriages and he was an old man ready to quit work.

I got a job in a factory where they made iron beds and worked there for about six months. After that I took a job in a large can factory and worked there steadily for several years, advancing myself to the position of sub-foreman. I think I could have gone further, but my lack of education stood against me. I can neither read nor write in any language. The only characters I know are figures and the only reading I can do is to read a rule or a scale.

I am now employed in a factory that makes tin bottle caps. I have raised a family of four boys and they have all gone to school. I have seen to it that they have a fair education. The oldest two now have jobs and are helping out at home. I am thankful that my parents brought me to America, where I am able to give my boys advantages and an opportunity to advance to something better.

C. A Genoese Farmer

I was born in Cassina, a village in the province of Genoa. With our forty acres of farmland we boys had plenty work. Almost everything we raised was used for ourselves except the wines and the olive oil. Every year we sold some.

The work that had to be done on a mixed farm such as we had was to get up early, around 4 a.m., and have as much done as possible before the sun was too hot. In summer time we went home and slept until three or four o'clock. We then had a vesper and went back to work until night. In winter time when the snow was everywhere we helped to cut wood, tended the cows and horses and sorted seeds. I remember that I never went to school and was never idle as there was work for every one all year round. The most enjoyable time for us children was the autumn time when the fruit had to be brought in. I was the second youngest in our family of boys. The two older brothers, when they were about fourteen and fifteen, went to America to an uncle on a farm. We got letters often and the boys seemed to like California. When I was seventeen I left my home to join my brothers. I went by the way of Le Havre to New York and then by train to San Francisco.

When I arrived, all in, my brothers were at the ferry building and were waiting for me. We went into a buggy and drove to Colma where I stayed with my brothers for over four years. Work was not so hard here in the vegetable gardens and what I liked best was no snow or ice and no hours of walking. I got more money every year and when I left my brothers I went to a place to tend horses. Soon automobiles came and the horses went out of style. One of my brothers had, in the meantime, started a garage and repair shop and as hours of work and pay seemed better to me I went to this new job.

In the meantime I married and had one daughter. My wife went to Europe with the child once and as soon as my daughter is finished with school, I will probably go for a few months to see what is left of our home place.

Up to now the depression has not affected me for I always found work. I never had any money to invest and lose and I don't believe in making one dollar out of ten. I do not play "tomboles" and I never gamble. I do not have my own house. I think rent has just about gone too high. I paid for four rooms fifteen years ago, twelve dollars and fifty cents and now I pay for a kitchen and three rooms twenty-eight dollars. I do not like luxuries.

If I would be sure that things would be the same in Italy as they used to be I would go and open up an automobile business because here of late people try to slip you in paying their bills. I never have had any information as to what a repair shop or a garage in Italy is like. Maybe someday I will go

and make just a visit and see and look things over. I never have seen anything in the old country.

I do not think it possible for the United States ever to be in need of Mussolini, because everybody here is so different from the old country.

I do not like the sales tax. The sales tax should be collected with the income taxes.

I do not know what to say about habits except that once I could trust everybody and bills got settled, but now, with little money in circulation and everybody so different, I lose money by trusting certain customers. I will allow no more credit and rather have less work and cash payments.

D. A North Italian Peasant-farmer

Hola! Here is Domingo born on his father's fifteen acre farm in the mountains of northern Italy, on the eleventh of November, 1873. He was one of four brothers and had one sister, and all of them are now living in America. Not one is a citizen.

Domingo came from Italy direct to Alameda in 1910 and immediately went to work in a vegetable garden on Bay Farm Island, which is about two miles southeast of Alameda City. His wage was small but he saved practically all of it and acquired quite a bank account. Several years ago the California Packing Corporation completed their large warehouse at the Encinal Terminals. Immediately upon completion of this building Domingo went to work for this firm and has been working there ever since.

He is not married and keeps house for himself and saves his wages. In fact he saved so much out of his wages that he was able to buy a four thousand dollar residence about four years ago and pay cash for it. It is now rented for twenty-five dollars per month.

Domingo is well satisfied here and has no desire to return to the old country. He would gladly become a citizen if he could pass the literacy test.

About a month or six weeks ago Domingo won seven hundred and fifty dollars in a Chinese lottery which will swell his bank account to plutocratic proportions.

E. A Sicilian Bourgeois

The ship on which my parents sailed from Palermo for America broke its rudder when a few weeks out; and thereafter, for six or seven months, drifted round and round, helplessly, during frightful and continuous storms. The storms, it seemed, we could not possibly survive.

Food and fuel supplies intended to last the trip across the American shores, were exhausted within a few months, in spite of careful rationing. Fuel for the engines used up, the captain began burning the furniture for fuel--tables, benches, and chairs. Then the sailors took down doors for burning, and other available wood on ship board for running the boilers. Later all passengers were given sheets and pillow cases for packing their belongings, thus emptying all trunks and chests that they too might be burned for fuel.

When the regular food provisions were consumed, there remained only hardtack and water.

I was an infant three weeks old, when my parents embarked from Palermo for America. My mother was but twenty years old, and the terrifying force of the storm, together with the ship's plight, so frightened her that her milk stopped. Thus she found herself with a young baby less than three months old, without milk or any sort of other food suitable for a young infant. In fact the following month she had only hardtack softened in water for the child. My mother became ill with fright and anxiety. This lack of proper food, she was convinced, would prove the death of her baby.

One harrowing day and night followed another. Both parents experienced the most acute suffering. Other passengers suffered as well. One woman on the ship passed away, leaving three small helpless children to accompany their father to a new country. The father of four children likewise passed away and was buried at sea, leaving the mother to go on her way with four children to support. Both persons who died had to be buried at sea, as there was no facility in those days to bring on the bodies.

My dad, in speaking of the experience, says the ship drifted a few miles one way at sea, and then appeared to drift right back again, repeating this for days and days. It seemed to keep within a radius of a few miles.

During all this time while the ship was helplessly drifting, my father says we saw only one other ship, a long distance away. The captain of our ship had distress flags flying, but we hoped in vain for aid. The distant ship made no effort to stand by or come to our aid, if indeed she saw us at all.

But after passing through a situation seemingly impossible to survive, our ship was blown toward land, which proved to be the shores of Portugal. We finally drifted against this hospitable country's shores, near a little fishing village, where fishermen and families came out to our aid. They received the stricken ship's passengers with open arms, caring for them in every way, providing places to sleep, fresh food, warm clothing and aid for those who were ill.

We stayed here in the fishing village while the men tried to fix the ship. But the damages were such they found that considerable time would be required to make the vessel seaworthy, so it was decided to furnish all the passengers with free transportation on another ship. Then we took passage on this other ship for New York.

As soon as we reached the fishing village, my father was for writing home to Palermo to our families about our predicament and rescue. We found later, that long before this letter reached Palermo, our ship had been reported lost, and we were mourned as dead. My mother's family and also my father's had gone into deep mourning; masses had been said, the entire city had been draped in mourning, and the city had had all flags at half mast, for most of the ship's passengers were from Palermo and nearby villages on the island of Sicily.

My grandfather and grandmother had not wanted my young mother to come to America. It was too far away, they said. She was an only daughter, barely twenty years of age, and had only been married a short while. But they finally gave their consent when my father promised to stay only two years and then return. So my father made his plans to come for a two year period and to work during that time at his business, which was designing and making fine shoes for men and women. After the two years he promised he would go back to Palermo to make it his permanent home.

My father had bought the tickets and made all plans for sailing when my mother discovered, much to her consternation, that a baby was coming. When my grandparents found this out, they definitely refused to allow my mother to leave home on this long trip, under such trying conditions. My father arranged about the tickets, setting the sailing data forward, but they had to sail when I was three weeks old or cancel the tickets entirely, which meant a forfeit of their cost. So my grandparents were finally persuaded, and we embarked, as I have said.

My father planned to locate in the United States in New York City. So when we finally landed in New York he bought a small shoe shop and household furniture for a little home at once. Thus we started life in America. Business was booming and

prospects very good, but scarcely had three months elapsed after we landed than my father discovered that cholera had been prevalent for some time in New York. It had now reached epidemic stages, and it was publicly announced that the city was about to be quarantined.

My mother had not regained her strength yet after her experiences during the crossing. I was less than a year old and not a strong baby, so my parents consulted together and decided it would be best for them to get away at once from New York. My father hastily sold his shoe shop, stored his furniture and left New York, planning to go to New Orleans where he had friends. This city was promising as a business venture, my father decided, and with friends here we could make this place our home for the two years instead of New York.

But upon arriving there, the first thing he learned about the city was that the cholera epidemic had reached here too. Even a quarantine was threatened. This was alarming news and very disconcerting. But my father was by no means helpless as he had money with him. He and my mother again consulted together. My father said: "What do you say to getting clear away from this Atlantic Coast and this epidemic; lets jump right through to the far Pacific coast--to San Francisco, say?" This must have been about 1885 or 1886 for San Francisco was spoken of as a wonderful new city with great opportunities.

My mother said she was willing to go anywhere to get away from the epidemic, get settled and have a home.

And so they hastily took a train for San Francisco. Upon arriving there they took a little house on F_____street and G_____Avenue, where they lived until I was three years old. Once my father had his family settled, he began to look for a location for his shop. He was introduced to the K_____Shoe Company, the finest shoe house in San Francisco at the time. My father was a very fine workman and was immediately employed at a very good salary. His handmade shoes sold for fifteen dollars, eighteen dollars and twenty dollars per pair, in women's lines, eighteen button high shoes, or boots as they are sometimes called. The shoes were lined with bright colored satins with brocade border top facings.

My father thus earned a big salary, and he stayed with this firm for years, in fact until he retired. After he retired, he speculated, bought old rundown homes, rennovated them and sold them at a profit. He is now living here in San Francisco and is eighty-two years old.

My mother died some years ago. She grew very homesick for her people, particularly for her mother. She often begged my father to take her back to see her mother, or to let her go

alone. She was so very young when she went away. But he would not take her or let her go, and she never saw her mother and father after leaving home with her little three weeks old baby. It was very sad. My father had promised faithfully to go back home in two years. My mother finally died here without going back; my grandmother died ten years ago, and soon after my grandfather passed away.

My mother was only thirty-five or forty when she died after having six children, three girls and three boys, all living except the second baby which came after me, when she was not very strong. My poor mother grieved greatly for her mother and family in Palermo. You know it is a beautiful city on the northern coast of Sicily, bordering on the Tyrrhenian Sea, on the Bay of Palermo. Mother often told us about the beautiful buildings, churches, cathedrals and important schools.

My mother's people all had money. They had lived in Palermo one generation after another and had been a part of the city's life. The schools are very fine. All our people were educated, and my mother when she married, had thought to have her children attend these schools where her family had always gone. My grandparents were people of standing socially and in business, and my mother wanted to have her children follow the traditions of her family. It was all so very sad.

F. A North Italian Large Farmer

Joseph, the second child in a family of six, was born into the home of an Italian farmer and storekeeper in 1910.

Joseph's father helped his grandfather run his three big farms on which the main crops were grapes and wheat. They also raised chestnuts and many kinds of fruit. They had a six-room house which served as the village store, and Joseph's mother had a license entitling her to the monopoly sale of salt and cigarettes. Joseph says she never got a license to sell whiskey as it cost too much.

His grandfather, who still lives in Italy, lives in a twenty-five room house. He has another house with nine rooms. The rooms are all very large and the walls are four or five feet thick. On one of the farms there is another nice house which was kept for the six children, who worked the farm when they were free from school. His grandfather also has a three room house in which he raises rabbits, and fifteen barns for livestock.

Joseph attended public school for six years. He would have had to leave the village to continue his studies. He didn't like school and didn't see any reason to continue. But, he

says, "If I knew then what I do now, I would have gone on anyway, even if school was no good." Up to this time he had finished what was known as the fourth class--approximately like our eighth grade. Later, he did the work of two more classes under a private tutor, which was like finishing High School. He never got his diploma for this. Joseph took these two extra classes so as to be eligible to apply for work on a train crew. He would have begun as a laborer and perhaps worked up to conductor. One of his main reasons for wanting this job was so that he wouldn't have to go to the front in time of war. He never wanted to be a soldier, because he knew how they were treated. He would soon be eighteen years old and have to go as a soldier.

"In Italy, I didn't understand why, but I didn't like fascism. The workers were really socialist, and our province is still the strongest working class section. Mussolini has an election just to see how many are against him--then he puts them in jail for five years on an island. The village storekeepers have been forced out of business under Mussolini, as the license costs one thousand lire. The farmers are much better off than the city workers under Mussolini, the latter only get nine lire a day. How little this is, is seen by the fact that a package of ten cigarettes costs five liro. They used to be three lire. A meal costs fifteen lire. The more you have, the more you owe under Mussolini, the taxes are so high."

"I got along all right in my home town, but in the larger towns fascism was stronger. Once, I visited such a nearby town. I don't know whether somebody told them I didn't sing fascist songs, but anyway, when I was walking down the street, a bunch of young fascists ganged together and gave a little speech praising Mussolini. Everybody within hearing was supposed to applaud. But I just went on down the street and so they followed me and repeated the performance, and then asked me, 'Why don't you applaud?" I said 'I'm doing my business.' The only thing that kept them from beating me up was that some of the gang knew my family. Later, however, the fascists got me and put me in jail for refusing to applaud Mussolini. And after that, I couldn't walk on the streets of that town at night.

"I didn't like this. My folks didn't like it. If I didn't like Italy before--after this it was just too bad. So we decided to come to the United States. But I think Roosevelt is just about as good as Mussolini. He has the power to send the National Guards to break our strikes.

"The fact is we came to the United States just as soon as I found out that I was an American Citizen by birth. My folks had always let me believe I was born in Italy. My father had left Italy when he was fourteen and had travelled in Germany, Italy, Spain and the United States. In the United

States, my father worked in an Illinois mine. One time they had a terrible fire, and only six men got out the first day. The group my father was with walled themselves off, and lived for twenty-one days without food, taking turns at fanning to keep the air in circulation while the others slept. This group was rescued, but hundreds of other miners were killed by the fire. My father and mother, who were both United States citizens, decided to return to Italy, and while they were going back on the boat, I was born.

"When I found this out, I was anxious to come to America. So I came with my father and one brother and sister, in 1928, to Detroit. Mother came seven months later, with the rest of the children. My father's first job was with a contractor. Then he got a job at Ford's, where he has been working ever since--excepting during the time he has been laid off. Father and mother bought a house and lost it.

"After about six months, I went to work for a lock company--it was a nice job and I got four dollars and seventy-five cents for nine hours work. After two months I was laid off, and was out of work a few months. Then I got another job, making springs and wire, but was laid off after two months. Then I got an 'easy' job at Briggs. I had asked to be a punch press operator. But they gave me another job which they said was temporary. It was on the shipping gang and from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. we unloaded from a steel crane--half a body at a time, dragged it for what seemed half a mile and loaded it into a freight car. It was heavy, greasy, dirty work. Two weeks was enough for me. I couldn't stand it and quit.

"Then I went into business--peddling vegetables on a truck. Tried for two months but couldn't sell anything. I lost one hundred dollars. I liked the truck--it was a good Dodge--but finally my folks had to sell it for junk.

"In 1930 I left and came to California, where I got a job in a sugar mill. I don't think so much of the place, now after four years, but I'm not trying to lose my job.

"First I was on the construction gang, and then after two months the annual lay-off caught me. I tried to join the Navy, because I had no job and didn't want to go home. I wanted to learn a trade and that I could do in the Navy. But they said they were full up and wouldn't take my application.

"So after the thirty-six day shut-down, I got back on part time. First I was in the powder sugar mill, but the work was too fast, with too many bosses. After that I worked in almost every department, but found six months in the warehouse pretty near killed me. Of course, I don't really like any job in the mill, but the one I have now is not so bad for the boss comes

around just once a day. And I'm always sure to have plenty of work when he comes around.

"We used to work straight through two weeks and then have three days off. Last year they cut us single men down to ten days a month. You couldn't live on it in this little company town. That's what the blue eagle did for us. Now we're working eighteen days a month.

"Last year I lost my car--when I just had two more payments. Then I decided to go back to see the folks in Detroit, so I took out a leave. I had a nice visit, but things are pretty tough in Detroit, so I'm back at the old job again.

"What do I do for a good time? Go to a dance sometimes. Drink a little wine. But I really love music, so I play with some other fellows in a dance orchestra. Yes, I read in English--sometimes books on economics. Because, sometime, somehow, I want a better job and one I'm sure of."

G. A Lake Como Peasant

"If today I'm out of the bread line and looking forward with confidence, don't think it is what people commonly call good luck", said Giacomo with the smile of a satisfied man, pouring a teaspoonful of sugar in a demi-tasse of Italian black coffee. "Life was hard for me in the beginning and that suffering saved a greater one."

Then with a gentle touch of sarcasm: "Don't you know that most of the American leaders began their career from the rank and file. It often occurred to me to open a magazine and read a biography of prominent men in politics, science or business, starting with the very appealing chapter of selling newspapers or a twelve hour a day job for three dollars per week. Your life was too easy in America, too easy in this land of abundance, when earning a good living for a man of your education was not difficult. But once the storm raged, you did not have the necessary hardness of muscles and brains to guide your ship towards a safe harbor. And blessed by the SERA which quickly answered your SOS and saved you from the humiliation of begging your friends for a dollars."

Then softening the unpleasant remark with a large gesture of his heavy hands: "I don't want to offend you in the least, but I must be rude. If some day I will be blessed with a son, I shall prepare him to meet the emergencies of life, and build a strong soul in an equally strong body. Plenty of food and plenty of work. Some parents, afraid to send their children out without heavy wool garments, ready to warm their beds as soon as a little cold rolls down from the Sierra, interfering in the fight with the boy next door, are pitiful to me."

"These children have a slight chance to succeed in life especially if the way is not all paved."

"You know my family. Many times I have speken to you of my little village lost in the midst of the picturesque wood descending towards Lake Como. Seven children, four boys and three girls with increasing appetites due to the fresh breeze of the Alps, the giants watching Italy's boundaries from Switzerland. And to feed us, only the strong arms of my father, one acre of land and a cow, fat when the harvest was abundant and lean when the drought ruined the crop.

"Schooling? Certainly, till the age of seven, enough to learn to sign our names and keep us from bothering mama, who slaved all day long washing clothes, baking maize bread, mending rags, and trying to keep the house clean. After seven, it was time to go to work. My father was of the opinion that too much school makes children lazy and opens the mind for unhealthy dreams.

"Then when April appeared and the grass in the mountains was less than one foot high, he used to hire us out to some shepherd across the boundaries, in Switzerland, entrusting us to him throughout the summer. A sack, some poor garments, an alpen stock, and running from sunrise to sundown after sheep in the pasture. Nightfall and there came our supper of bread, cheese, milk, then to retire to a bunch of hay, with some more hay for a pillow. At the end of the season, my father used to collect from the shepherd as much as seventy-five lires. Imagine, less than ten dollars for three months of hard work, in dangerous mountains, where every season several boys never came back. But one cannot be a coward when there is dire necessity.

"In the fall we hunted for tourists in San Moritz, four miles away from the village, offering wild flowers, carrying their bags, jumping in the lake to fish the coins they threw in, and making ourselves useful in hundreds of different ways for the sake of the little money we proudly gave to mother in the evening.

"At fourteen, a boy of the working class is considered a man and well able to start learning a trade, and true to custom, my father managed to keep me up in the mountains again, this time as stone mason's helper.

"Mind you, at that time there were no wheelbarrows available. The old malt bucket had to be carried up on the cliff for ten hours a day, and there was one helper for every two stone masons. God help the boy who left the stone mason idle for one minute. So inch by inch, with the sweat of these little Italian boys, mine included, were built those beautiful snakelike roads on the Alps through which the roaring guns passed later, bringing destruction to the same people, who by the irony of fate paved their way to death.

"In 1905 the wages of the best stone mason was five lire per day, the helper getting from one to two according to the age and strength. No wonder that I learned the value of money. I plodded along learning the trade thoroughly till the age of twenty, when the compulsory military law called me to enlist in the national army. That was in 1911. One year later I was in Tripolitania to fight Arabs and Bedouins till 1919. My class was kept in service very long, due to the World War, and I was left in Africa. That probably is the reason that I survived. When you meet a man of my class, one born in 1891 and who lived through the ordeal of the war, you can consider him a rarity, a man with a hard skin. Most of them remained among the dunes of Africa or the glaciers of the Alps.

"Was I discouraged during all these years? Not a bit. I recall them as the happiest of my life. If it were not for the drinking waters of Bengasi which were greatly polluted I would not hesitate to go through it again. But the hateful dysentery which afflicted me for two years after my discharge and still continues to disturb me if I overindulge in eating, is not a pleasant remembrance of Africa.

"Honorably discharged from the army, with three hundred lire in my pocket--the paternal Italian government valued my loyal service of eight years not more than that--I went back to my family. One of my brothers had been killed in the war. I had been away from home eight years and I am sorry to say I did not get a very warm greeting. It was not very encouraging for my family to have me back with a few lires in my pocket and with a sick body, especially with the misery resulting from war, and bread being sold on the scale by the gramme. I was in no condition to eat maize bread, and that was the only kind available. What I needed was a strict healthy diet and a room to myself. And to aggravate matters I was too weak to work. I slept in the old barn, alone, on the hay, the seven months that I remained in Italy. My father could not be made to understand that a sick man could not possibly work, and said I was lazy and good for nothing else but for reading those horrid big books I had brought back with me from the army and those that the village priest would lend me from time to time.

"Life for me was miserable then. If it hadn't been for my good mother who always had a smile and saw to it that I had a good dish of soup, it would have been unbearable.

"Brooding and contemplating, I turned my thoughts to emigration. I wrote to a cousin who was in California for my fare and in less than a month, everything was set for my new adventure.

"Needless to ask me if I was glad to go, the evening before I was to leave. After a special supper which my dear mother had prepared to my liking, I asked my father if he could not give me the

three hundred lire I had entrusted to his keeping, so that I might at least have some money to keep in my pocket for an emergency. He flatly refused, saying that an emigrant does not need any money on a steamship where everything is paid for, that I would get food, a comfortable bed and plenty of rest. Only the piteous appeal of my mother kept me from losing my temper towards my father.

"The following day, when I said farewell he kissed me and gave me two hundred of the three hundred lire I had asked for, and then reached for his handkerchief to brush away the mist appearing in his eyes. Poor old man. He passed away last year but I still have vivid memories of him. In his heart he meant to be good, but hardships and the burden of so large a family deeply influenced his character. Every year for the Christmas holidays I used to send him ten dollars, and five each to my mother and sisters, and judging from the affectionate expressions in their letters, they certainly appreciated the little gift.

"The first year in the new land was not very rosy for me. I came directly to California, to be exact near Bakersfield, where the cousin who had sent me the fare owned a dairy. My first job was milking cows, about twenty of them each day which was a hard task even for those big hands of mine. In the winter time I was afflicted with chilblains and compelled to leave the job, although I was still in debt to my cousin for about two hundred dollars.

"Few words of English at my command, few dollars in my pocket, I moved to the nearest town, Bakersfield, where a good natured Polish roomkeeper gave me shelter on credit. After a short time of job hunting I succeeded and it was what I thought a first class position, shifting thousands of big ice cakes. My boss was amazed at my skill and strength in the storage rooms. Six dollars a day. In six months I paid the indebtedness to my cousin, and gave him an additional three hundred dollars to help him with buying more livestock.

"A scrap with the foreman and I left the job, to move to S-- where I went back with my old trade as stone mason. Many sidewalks in this town and in D-- know my hands. When I left that job, during a slack season, my back account was of three figures.

"But what I liked best was the janitor job I got immediately after and that I am still holding. Eighty dollars per month and room in a beautiful apartment house on V-- Avenue hills with plenty of time to read and study in the afternoons and evenings. When wages were better I got as much as $120 per month plus some extras that I made in washing cars for some wealthy tenants.

"Everybody was satisfied with my work, the manager, the owner, the tenants. No one has ever had cause to complain against

Giacomo in the apartment house. Many ladies find pleasure in chatting with me and I don't need to go out for my lunch or to the store to buy a good cigar. My wages are now ninety dollars per month, but I can still save seventy and I have no worries for the future. I have time and means for occasional recreation, as the movies, a good theatre, or an interesting lecture and I am satisfied with my condition.

"My savings are about ten thousand and in case of an emergency, I can live on the interest for many years to come.

"Depression? Not for me, my friend. Forty-five years old, with all my teeth in my mouth and a strong body, and willing to work, enjoy life, I face the future with confidence.

"I'm a citizen and a good one. I, someday, perhaps soon, may decide to marry a nice old fashioned girl, not so young, you understand. When my time comes I hope to leave behind in San Francisco, many clean windows and a respectable family."

H. A Venetian Winemaker

The subject of this investigation was an Italian man about forty years of age. He was born in Venice, Italy. His father was a small farmer and winemaker. As he grew older the family increased, until at the age of seventeen he was the oldest of eight children. Conditions at home were bad, although he said that he and his father and one younger brother worked in the neighboring wineries and, in harvest season, on other farms.

He had very little schooling although he can read and write both Italian and English. He came to the United States before he was eighteen, landing in New York where he worked at several odd jobs, until he was about twenty years old. Then he got employment in the shipyards at Brooklyn where he worked steadily for about five years.

He had always wanted to come to California because he understood that it was much more like his native Italy and after many attempts he finally succeeded in getting a job as seaman on a freighter which brought him to San Francisco where he again tried to find employment in the shipyards, but without success. He was unemployed for months after his arrival in California and was reduced to taking such odd jobs as cleaning yards, mowing lawns, etc. This he did for about two years, until he became quite proficient at caring for shrubbery, trees and lawns. He likes this work much better than the shipyards.

At twenty-seven he met and married a girl of Portuguese descent. By this time, he had accumulated lawnmowers, shears, etc.--all the paraphernalia for gardening. He lived in a small rented

house, in the rear of which he had established a work shop where he sharpened lawn mowers, knives, saws, and did many odd repair jobs. In the next few years he had become the father of a baby girl.

He added equipment to his shop, bought the house he lived in and began paying for it in installments. Later he bought a small truck. Always working hard, his average annual income was around one thousand a year. He kept his daughter in school until she finished the High school and a nurses training course at an East Bay Catholic Hospital.

About four years ago his wife died. The next year his daughter married a rather prosperous Portuguese farmer. He then rented his house to his brother-in-law and built himself a room adjoining his shop in the rear. For the past three years he has lived there, repairing lawnmowers, bicycles, etc. His income last year was less than five hundred dollars. He is still a strong healthy man, but feels that he has very little to live for. He said he would not marry again because he feels that it would be impossible to earn a decent living for his wife.

I. An Officer from Trieste

He was a fresh arrival from Europe, when I met him in a shanty office of the East Side. Such meetings there were not unusual; the building, one of the survivors of the Old New York, was considered the Mecca of all Italian political refugees, a certain rendezvous for persecuted foreigners, a peculiar Salvation Army, where anybody could get a good word and the price of a lunch.

Through a narrow wooden stairs, the visitor reaches what is pompously called the office of the newspaper; located in three small rooms, one for the printing shop, one for the manager and the smallest one, the private office of the editor, Carl, a tall bearded man of fifty, an arch enemy of fascism and Mussolini.

During the winter, anyone who was not accustomed to North Pole climate, wouldn't remain in there longer than half an hour without freezing; but Carl and his associates were brave to the extent of leaving the only heating apparatus in the place, an electric heater, idle and enduring the cold for eight hours a day. Friends said Carl evidently was not a stock holder of the Edison Company, but I was suspicious that the freezing temperature was maintained to discourage unwanted visitors from lounging there very long. In fact, I noticed that when he had some important communication for me, before starting the conversation, he immediately plugged in the heater and offered me a cigarette.

That day when I opened the door and peeped in, Carl was engaged in conversation with a young man. About to withdraw he summoned me in, saying "Come in, it will interest you too." The heater

was lit. He introduced me to I--, a man about thirty, dark wavy hair, oval face and black fiery eyes, who stood up and shook hands with the firm gesture, proper of an officer. There we remained, unaware of the time and the forgotten lunch, I standing up, for the two chairs were occupied, while he spoke with the warmth of a deep communicative passion.

During the war, being a graduate from the University of Triests, I-- served as a naval officer under the colors of the Austria-Hungaria. His family was affiliated with the secret party, which for more than fifty years, advocated the incorporation of the East shores of the Adriatic Sea with Italy. Imagine the tragedy of this young man, compelled to serve in an army that he considered composed of enemies. In 1917, with three more officers, he succeeded in passing the frontier and joined the Italian army till the end of the war. The desertion netted him a medal from Italy, and from Austria a sentence to be hanged as traitor in case of recapture, with the immediate confiscation of his properties. Italy gave him back his home, and Trieste greeted him as hero, when in the fall of 1918, the city was annexed to Italy.

A leader in his town, an engineer in Trieste's shipyard, he was a successful young man in all respects. And his life would have flowed calmly had not the love of liberty and consideration for the rights of workers, put him on their side, to fight a more cruel war against big interests, organized under the name of fascism.

Trieste was one of the Italian cities most persecuted by the force of the new ascending party. For two years its squares were the stage of a civil war waged with unbelievable brutality. Thousands of squadists; with rifles and daggers, dressed in black shirts, with a skull, the symbol of death embroidered on the left side of the uniform, raided the town during the night, setting fire to headquarters of labor unions, cooperatives, newspaper buildings, ransacking the homes of political leaders. Swindlers, crooks, men without honor and without family, the poor, the ignorant, the most vile element of society, gathered under the banners of fascism and took it on themselves to protect order and to save Italy.

One of these bands, ill famed for its terrioristic acts, "La Desperata", entered I--'s home one night in October of 1923. Before he realized what was happening, he was dragged out of bed and carried to a waiting car. Two more followed and the cortege headed towards the outskirts of the town. About five miles in the country, the cars stopped and I--, bleeding all over and unconscious from his savage treatment was rushed to a tree and bound. Subsequently friends reached him and cut the rope. A faint murmur of the heart signified that he was still living.

Two months later he was in France, still weak from the terrible ordeal, but with the determination to continue the fight. "It seems a destiny of my family," he exclaimed in the warmth of narration, not without a touch of bitterness, "that all of us must suffer in the name of Liberty."

When he finished I noticed a trembling sound in the voice of big Carl, the strong man of the movement: "And now, what's next, I--?" he inquired.

"What? I will remain in America. I know those rats are trying to transplant in this country their hateful influence. I know that Mussolini is spending millions, through the Italian Embassy and Consulate, to carry on a mercenary propaganda among millions of Italian immigrants and I am here to do my share in stopping them. I understand what you mean: I have no passport; I am a clandestine immigrant. But till they deport me the Black Shirts in New York have another one to fight with. You will hear of me."

And we heard plenty. He was in the front line, writing, speaking, challenging all the fascist forces in the East. The Black Shirts could not appear in public without facing the terrible I--. Dozens of them literally were rushed to different hospitals. "They are not men, they are beasts" he would say, his cruel, grim face contrasting with his kindly eyes, "If they don't go back to Mussolini and quick too, I will see that they all go to hell."

In 1929, I lost sight of I--. He was not heard from any more and I thought he had returned to Europe. Two weeks ago, I was stopped by a well dressed man on Market Street, who shook hands with a familiar, firm grip. At first I could not place him; then to my utter surprise I realized this man was no other than I--. After our enthusiastic greeting, he told me he had become quite a home man, and retired to the tranquil life in California. He was engaged in the title business and was doing very well. Also that he had an adorable wife and a little boy.

I asked if he still takes interest in the anti-fascist movement, but he was evasive about it. "Just a few dollars for the anti-fascist press and to help the victims of fascism in Europe. But when the Italian people start the spring cleaning of the Adriatic shores, I will be there to give a hand. And if too old, my boy will complete the job, that's the destiny of the I-- family."

J. A Sicilian Proletarian

Theresa was born in Sicily, and is about thirty-five years old now. She came to America with her parents when she was about eight years old. She was the oldest in a family of five; four girls and one boy. Her father first settled in Bisbee, Arizena where he worked in the mines and the mother took in washing and did other odd jobs. In time, the care of her children and the outside work proved too much for her. She became ill. There was no money for the rest the doctor ordered. She dragged herself around as best she could until finally they found her dead one afternoon.

After the mother's death, the father took to drinking and gambling. In about a year, he was taken in hand by a countrywoman of his, to whom he owed gambling debts. She was a shrewd business woman, and was making good money, running a boarding house for the miners and enticing them with diversions of the flesh. He became so dependent on her that he married her although she was about eight or ten years his senior. This created considerable gossip in the Italian colony there.

They decided to move to California, for they had relatives in Amador County. They settled in Jackson and opened a boarding house again. Theresa was about fourteen years old then. The step-mother paid no attention to the children. They were unkempt, barbarous, running the streets and coming home at all hours, seeing everything that a mining camp town contains, good and bad. Most of the men were unmarried foreigners who knew little English and who were unaccustomed to American life and customs. They had no women of their own age and nationality here. Some of them sent to the old country for picture brides. They were all women-hungry. It isn't difficult to see how this child of fourteen became involved with a man. He was arrested and eventually sentenced to five years in the state penitentiary. The investigating authorities thought it best that Theresa be removed from this environment and so she was sent to a school for wayward girls in San Francisco.

The case created a great deal of scandal at the time. Theresa herself didn't know what it was all about. In a romantic mood she vowed to wait for the prisoner and marry him when he had served his sentence. Meanwhile she went to school, and after being released obtained a job as a private secretary. She had her own income, dressed well, and since she didn't see old friends, almost forgot the past.

At the end of five years, when she was almost twenty, the man came out of prison. He seemed a total stranger. His hair had grayed, and his face was hard and furrowed. He thanked her for her letters sent while in prison and the sentiments expressed. He thought it foolish that she should sacrifice her life and marry him.

She was very happy at being released and went back to Jackson to take care of her sisters. In about two years she fell in love with an Italian, foreign born, who knew her past history but who was willing to forget it. They were married. Knowing that lung infection eventually overtakes all miners in the mother lode she urged him to move away. Through friends he got a job in an ice cream plant in Oakland and they settled there.

The husband proved both unwilling and incapable of forgetting the past. A generous, understanding man heretofore, he allowed her one sin to become an obsession with him. The harder he tried to forget, the more horrible it seemed. All his friends knew about his wife. That hurt him. He became insanely jealous. He expected her to repeat history at any moment. Three sons were born to them. He began to make sly remarks expressing wonder as to whether they were really his. The change in him was unbelievable. To his wife he no longer seems the man she married.

About two years ago he lost his ice cream job. They lived on their savings until they gave out. They live in a cramped, bare quarters now and are on S.E.R.A. relief. The children are ragged but healthy. She has grown very fat and has lost all zest for life. There is quite apparently no fight left. She cannot understand what she has done to deserve such a dirty deal from life - proverty, suspicion, jealousy, whippings. A once proud spirit has bit the dust.

K. A Calabrian Laborer

Born in Calabria about 1894 in a poor laboring family. His father worked on a large estate of figs, oranges and olives. During the harvest seasons the mother and children helped too. He was unable to attend school regularly but managed to learn to read and write with some degree of ease.

An uncle who was living on a ranch in California offered to give him the money to come over if he would come to help him farm. On his seventeenth birthday he was crossing the Atlantic in the steerage and enjoying the new sights and the people immensely.

He worked for his uncle for three years and decided that it was time to strike out for himself. He was quite confident that he would make a small fortune, return to Italy, buy his parents a villa and live happily ever after. America was a land of glorious opportunity to him and he even wrote his parents of their forthcoming entrance into paradise.

However, simple labor did not turn the trick and after trying to "save" for about four years he decided to go into business. He bought himself an olive press and sold oil to his countrymen. At first he was purely a local affair but gradually he spread out

over the state--still selling only to Italians and other foreigners--Slavonians. The foreign colonies knew just about the time he would come and always reserved their orders for him.

By this method he was able to make a good and easy livelihood although still far from a "small fortune". He occasionally sent money home to Italy and so kept the old folks satisfied. About this time, he married an Italian girl and has since had six children with her.

About three years ago a vital part of his press broke, and he decided that repairing it would not pay. At about the same time his wife's father died and left them a house in Oakland. They sold what property they had in Modesto and moved to Oakland. He experienced some difficulty in finding work. He finally got a job as a longshoreman but was let out after about four months--because there was not enough work.

Finally about a year ago he opened a vegetable stall in Berkeley. His wife and one of his sons help him in his work. He thinks Berkeley is a town of "high-tone" people and they pay good.

His English is quite poor. However he subscribes to Italian newspapers, belongs to an Italian lodge and has Italian friends exclusively. He is somewhat bewildered by the depression and Mussolini. He doesn't know whether to condemn or favor him. And the depression is too much for him.

"I don't see why one year we rich, next year we poor, well, maybe all for best. Who knows?"

L. A Piedmontese Tradesman

In the province of Piedmont, Italy there was a young boy who had adventurous ambitions but disliked the schools. At the age of ten he was reputed to be an untamed sort of little fellow. He had an older brother who was just the opposite type. He liked to work and to learn. He was five years older than his brother G---.

F---, the older brother, full of business ambitions left their parents in Italy with G-- who was then twelve years old, and with his little savings, came to this country with some of their elderly friends who went back for a visit.

They came directly to San Francisco and worked here and there at all sorts of jobs. In the course of a few months F--- started a bakery with a single horse and wagon to deliver bread and pastries every day. They soon purchased as many as fifteen horse wagons, with which they delivered their products.

F--- soon got married to a girl of his own country who was very economical in her domestic management. She has been a good wife, giving birth to two girls, who are now fully grown.

G---, three years after the starting of their business got married to a girl of business as well as domestic ability, from whom he now has two boys. Through years of hardships of working they have built up their business to the extent that they cover all San Francisco, Daly City, Colma, South San Francisco, Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood City, Menlo Park and Palo Alto. They also ship bread and pastries daily to certain smaller cities in northern California such as Eureka, Santa Rosa, Petaluma, San Rafael.

A fleet of model T Fords was purchased to take the place of old horse wagons. A number of properties were bought around Mission, North Beach and Marina districts all from their savings in business. F--- has given a reasonable amount of education to his two daughters, while G--- sent his two boys to enter private schools, San Rafael Military Academy. Each of them was given one thousand dollars annually for six years. Both boys are unusually intelligent and received the highest honors in their graduation. Upon completing their training in their Military Academy he sent the elder boy to the University of Santa Clara and the younger son to Stanford University. Realizing the lack of education in his youth when he first entered this country, he now intends to invest in them by spending over eighteen hundred dollars apiece annually for the next six years.

I am informed that the elder son J will major in business administration at Santa Clara and the younger son M will complete his course of law at Stanford. Both were born in the city but have no bad habits of any kind like those most of the youths born in larger cities have. They study very diligently and return to the city every Saturday afternoon to be with the older folks.

Upon completion of his twenty-five years of work his brother F--- retired from the baking business leaving the whole management to his brother. As I understand, F--- now draws eight hundred dollars monthly as retiring salary from his business. I have known G--- quite a long time and he has the reputation of being a very shrewd and strict business man. He believes in having permanent employees, treats them fairly and pays them promptly, but not too generously. Only lately was he compelled to join the union and pay his employees according to the union rate. Some of his employees have been eighteen years in his service.

On the first of the year he made arrangements with local Ford dealers and traded in all his model T Ford trucks, under very favorable terms, for the latest V 8 models.

When anyone compliments him for the progressiveness and the success of his work he smiles and tells of the experiences and hardships he and his brother have gone through and of which he is proud--an ordinary youth who entered the country without any education or vocation and even could not master the language accurately.

He often says that when he and his brother came to this country they intended to make a small amount of fortune in a short time and then return to their own country with which to start some kind of business. But later on when business grew they got the idea of getting married and settling down. They began to build up their business more and more, they wanted to make more money. Nor do their children wish to return to Italy. So they stay in the country in which they built up their fortunes and in which they prospered.

M. A Miner from Girgenti

This man is an emigrant coming from the city of Girgenti on the southwest coast of Sicily, situated about two miles inland from the Mediterranean Sea. This is a small city of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants and not modern by any means. The poorer, or laboring class correctly speaking, have none of the modern conveniences that they have in America. This man's home consisted of three rooms on the top of an old ramshackle building over a hundred years old, where he lived with his father, mother and two younger sisters.

Their daily fare was the regulation rations of the poor Italians; fish, macaroni, and once in awhile, say every other Sunday, through the generosity of relatives living in the country, chicken or duck. His father received a pension of what would be about four hundred and fifty dollars in American money from a corporation that was engaged in the export of salt and sulphur. It was while working for this firm he had been badly hurt and rendered unfit for further labor.

The man whose life we are giving had to take up where his father had left off. He became the sole support of the family as both his sisters were semi-invalids. The work was heavy and the hours long but as there was nothing else to do, he stuck to the work, meanwhile laying aside a little money each month until he had saved up enough to come to America, that being the rainbow's end for the majority of Italians.

He left what money he could with his parents and struck out across country to the city of Palermo, a distance of about seventy-five miles from which place he worked his way to Naples in a small sloop loaded with hides. After six weeks in Naples he got a job as an oiler on one of the big passenger liner, running to America, and on the third trip deserted

the vessel at New York, working his way westward to Chicago where he obtained a job in the slaughter houses, salting hides. From there he went to Kansas City where he obtained the same kinds of work. From Kansas City to San Francisco was his final jump.

He has been here several years, he would not say how long, and never intends to leave. He started working in the packing houses here, has never been out of a job and sends money home to his folks every month through a cousin, as he doesn't care to have the government catch up with him since he is in the country illegally. As far as comparing Italy with America, he says: "Forget it; there is no comparison".

As far as politics are concerned people of his class have practically nothing to say so he never bothered his head about it. He thinks that he would be a Democrat here if he could only find a way out of the mess of being in America illegally. He lives well here, has all he wants to eat, a good room, good clothes and is able to send money home, but the nightmare of illegal entry takes most of the joy out of life. America is a great country and no matter how bad things go, is still a great country.

N. A Milanese Automobile Mechanic

C M was born in Milan, Italy, in 1888. His father was a railroad man and a Socialist. C M was a locomotive fireman until the outbreak of the war. He opposed the war and for this he and his father were both fired from their jobs. After the war he obtained work in the F___ Automobile works. He worked there for three years and during this time took an active part in organizing the workers and teaching classes in socialism and communism. He became a communist in 1920.

In 1922 the workers began to take over the factories in several cities in northern Italy and C M was one of the most active organizers of the workers in the F___ plant. The workers seized the plant, but due to the majority of the workers being syndicalists, they did not seize the power of the government.

C M and the rest of the communists could get no support from the majority of the workers to seize the City and State governments. The workers were content to hold the factory. The fascist Black Shirt Militia under the leadership of Mussolini routed the workers from the factories. In the fight that followed one of C M's brothers and his father were killed by the police. The communists called a demonstration against the terror.

C M was the speaker. In the struggle by the police to break up the meeting and arrest the speaker a policeman was killed and C M escaped. He first went to France and then came to America. He is at present employed, but not making very much. He is anxiously awaiting an uprising against Mussolini when he intends to return to Italy. He says the fascists are having trouble in their own ranks.

O. A Roman Proletarian

This man was born in a poor section of Rome and was one of a family of seven children. His early childhood was spent in squalid, dirty surroundings. When he was eleven years old, his father and mother took him and his three younger brothers and sisters with them to America, travelling steerage on a boat which he says pitched constantly during a long and miserable voyage.

They settled in New York city and the boy went to work selling papers. He spoke no English, but managed to pick up a somewhat workable vocabulary among other things, by his association with other newspaper boys and customs.

When he was thirteen years old, he was forced to start public schools by the juvenile authorities. He found school life not to his liking and, after two years of it, ran away from home and quit school. He resumed his vocation of selling newspapers.

After some months of this he seems to have been seized with a wanderlust. At any rate he started to travel, via freight trains. After some months he found himself in San Francisco. The city pleased him and he again got a job selling newspapers. He continued on at this work and at the age of eighteen met and married an American girl of Italian parentage.

Under her guidance and urging he began to take his work seriously and in the next year was rewarded by being given a district on the newspaper for which he worked distributing newspapers to newsboys and newstands.

He has continued at this work ever since and now, at the age of thirty-four, has a large district and earns a salary of fifty-five dollars per week. He attended night school, received his naturalization papers in 1932, and has been a regular voter since.

He has three small children whom he intends shall have a thorough education. He is intensely interested in local and national politics and has very definite ideas thereof, some rather derogatory. He is an enthusiastic supporter of President Roosevelt and believes wholeheartedly in allowing him a free rein in executing his plans.

He encountered much racial prejudice during his youth and early manhood, especially until he had gained a fair knowledge and command of the English language. He recounts details of many brawls which were occasioned by the tossing at him of such derisive epithets as "Dago" and "Wop". However, he is now quite Americanized and a respected and well-likes member of his newspaper, and though the same terms are often hurled at him, it is only in jest or affectionately that he is so termed.

Although he was quite young when he left Italy, he is certain that the move was a sound one and has no desire to return to the country of his birth.

He says that newspaper circulation fell off tremendously during 1931, 1932 and 1933, but says that during the past year circulation and advertising have been steadily increasing for his newspaper, and he has had a salary raise during the past half year.

He is convinced that he has progressed further than he could have had he remained in Italy, and as regards living conditions, he states that even his life in an eastside tenement in New York City was a little better in regard to sanitary facilities and general living conditions than in his previous home in Rome. He asserts definitely that from what he has heard the standard of living in this country is much higher generally than in Italy.

P. A Peasant Woman

Until she was eighteen, L helped with the outside work of the farm and took care of her younger brothers and sisters. When she married at eighteen, she went to live with her husband's folks. Among their many household duties the women had to include carding, spinning and weaving.

Her first child was a boy, born crippled from some spine defect. When they had three children her husband left for the United States. After two years he sent for her to come and join him where he was working in the Colorado Coal mines.

After the voyage which is always terrifying to the peasants who are accustomed to good, firm land, she was detained two months at Ellis Island, because of the crippled son. Not knowing a work of English, nor seeing anything to do she cried most of the time.

Her husband came to meet her but there was nothing for them to do but return together to Italy. But they could not make a living. So he finally persuaded her to leave the crippled boy with her father and mother. They waited on him like a

baby, hand and foot, until he died at the age of twenty-eight. L never saw him after they left, and she cries now to think of what her warm, motherly heart feels was the desertion of her child.

Together, she and her husband went to the Colorado coal mines, where L cooked, washed, and kept beds for twelve miners--in a three room house. She milked several cows, and baked bread for her neighbors to increase the family income. She had a child every other year, with two miscarriages, two that died, and six girls and two boys who are still living.

By this tremendous exertion of energy, she and her husband saved enough to buy a farm with a nice seven room stone house. Prosperity?

Now, driven to desperation at their low wages and miserable conditions, the miners struck and held out valiantly for three years. But there was not work and no money, for it was purely a mining town.

During this time, the two children died, one who was hungry had eaten poisonous weeds.

Nearby, the Ludlew Massacre was perpetrated. Through their own little mining town, the militia also marched, and were fired on by the miners in their houses.

They broke into L's house, where she was alone and seven months pregnant and charged that the shots came from her house. Unaided, with grim determination and lashing tongue, she drove them from the house. A little farther down the street they beat a man unconscious because they thought he had fired on them.

But the miners were not living in their own homes. No, the shacks belonged to the coal company. So, in freezing weather, the families were run out into tent colony. But the militia broke up the tent coleny, one of their methods being to run a bayonet through a baby and fling it out of the tent before its mother's horror stricken eyes.

By these means, after three years, the strike was finally broken and all the strikers blacklisted. Finally they had to rent their hard-earned farm, for which they now get no rent, as the family lives in it free.

The oldest girl, named for her mother, had always said she would marry someone named Ernest. And at fifteen, she eloped with "Ernest", and they are still living happily together now, after fifteen years.

L's daughter, L and Ernest, came to California and the mother grew increasingly lonely separated from her daughter, so she persuaded the family to move to California, too. Again, her husband came ahead, and she remained to dispose of the livestock, which she sold for a good price, all except one billy-goat, for whom no one would give anything like his value. So L herself knocked him in the head and sold him by the pound.

They bought a house with a large lot, on which they paid several thousand dollars. They have a cow and chickens and sell milk and eggs. Times have been very hard for them. At one time her husband was working at one of the factories, but he was dismissed because of his age. Now, all the family, including the father, work in the cannery, where L, the daughter, now is a floorlady.

The oldest boy is a clerk in a bank at twenty dollars per week, and is married. The second daughter is working at the cannery, while her husband works part time at Ford's. The third daughter also works in the cannery, while the fourth, who has just graduated from High School with the highest grades in stenography and bookkeeping, works in a store both as a clerk and office girl.

L raises vegetables and olives and cans all her own fruits and vegetables, and keeps her house shining in cleanliness, but she now buys her bread. She enjoys her electric washer and vacum sweeper, but complains that now at fifty-four years of age, she can't turn out the work as she used to.

She thinks Roosevelt has not done much good, and expects sometime there will be a revolution in the United States, but she doesn't expect to live to see it.

Q. A Florentine Student Visitor

About a year and a half ago, Mr. B decided to cross the Atlantic ans see for himself what the great Americans were like. Anyway a change in university life would stimulate interest. A good-humored, laughing and wity young man, tall, slender and about 24 characterizes Mr. B.

Mr. B's family have been residents for many generations of Florence, Italy. His father has "un piccolo negozio", a combination of drygoods, notions and groceries from which they earn enough to live on, not in luxury but "con bastante conforto". His other immediate relatives are scattered in various professions--farmer, professor, government job, and laborers--the range of social importance varies greatly, he says, but that's the way it goes when some are very ambitious and others extremely lazy. He loves his home life because there isn't much to do except help occasionally in the store, to keep up

the small vegetable garden in the yard. His sister is married and has a home of her own, his one brother is about five years younger so his set of friends is entirely different and he has one who is only twelve. So Mr. B spends his leisure time his own way. He is ambitous, hard working and very interested in politics. One of his uncles is helping to finance him in the United States.

Mr. B's circle of friends in Italy were nearly all university students extremely active in the hazing and initiation of new entrants and according to Mr. B our method is quite simple and easy in comparison with theirs. They delighted in tormenting the students to the extreme--they were made to actually fight, be ducked, exhibited through the town half naked, and then in their own privacy he would not relate what happened. This group was filled with just as much "devilry" when in the "piazza" when they lured the young girls away from the strict and for the moment straying parent chaperonage. They just wanted to find out how foolish some of the girls could be--just a bunch of fiery, passionate young bachelors testing their blood and the foolishness of the world. Even in a land where wine is abundant and an every day occurrence, the urge comes to celebrate by drinking, and the results would be boisterous singing and often brawls breaking up the social gathering. The political discussion and arguments were just as interesting and heated.

The first thing that Mr. B noticed in the United States was the great lack of political interest and enthusiasm in the young people--he says. It really does not bother them who the next president or governor will be; let the laws be passed or not, why should they be bothered. Such an attitude Mr. B can't at all understand. The easy-going and matter-of-fact way of living of the Americans was quite impressive to him. Even in the universities he found that the great educational plan invariably led to money, position, a comfortable living. Aside from that the other great interest of both sexes was the opposite sex. Nothing really seemed to be very serious to them. A nonchalant people, Mr. B calls us, and he is beginning to think he likes us more and more even though our university seems quite high-schoolish to him; the students don't appear any too eager to learn as he observed or rather concluded from the fact that the professors always tell them exactly what should be done.

As a spectator Mr. B finds many amusing incidents in the American life--the parties we term "wild"; the fact that the American girl considers herself the equal of her escort; the quantity of "necking and petting" and most of all this system of "frats" and sororoties and its apparent snobbish characteristics.

Mr. B says he would like to make his home in this country. He likes the frankness of the American character, but since his ambitions are political he stands a better chance in his own land. His memories, however, of the Americans and their country will always be cherished. He knows that his life in Italy will be much more exciting and thrilling due to the Italian quick and emotional nature.

R. A Piedmontese Carpenter

Mr. X was born in Tigliole, Piedmont. He is now thirty-six years old. His father was a carpenter, or rather a furniture-maker, who did only hand work. There were seven children. The family was fairly well-off. He went to school in Tigliole. In March, 1917, he joined the army, and was four years in service. He did active fighting in Trentino; was wounded in the thigh; received the Croce di Guerra, "not for bravery, but for doing his duty". After the war, he served in the Tyrol.

While the fascist revolution was going on, he was a Socialist. At this time he was working in a Fiat factory in Turin. All of the workmen were Socialists; it was practically compulsory for a member of the union. The workmen took over the factory, and for forty days they worked with no boss, and with guards stationed outside. But the other unions did not cooperate. They had to go back to the old system, and the leaders of the "coup" were jailed against the previous premises of the bosses. Giolitti was the president of the cabinet, a monarchist. D'Aragona was the head of the Socialist Party. The heads of the party sold out the workmen constantly to the fascists. There was a strike every week. The strikes were always sold out. The fascists were growing strong, and controlled the press. They burned the Labor Temple in Turin.

In 1922, when the factory started laying off men, Mr. X wanted to go to England where he had a brother. But conditions were bad there. He wrote to a friend in Pennsylvania; and, in 1923, went to Pennsylvania. There he worked in a glass factory in a small town for three months; in a coal mine for two months; as a carpenter for the Pittsburg Plate Glass Company for three years at $30 a week. He had "too much money", and wanted to go back to Italy; but a friend told him to come to Camden, New Jersey. In Camden, he worked for two months for the Victor Talking Machine Company as a cabinet-maker, at $30 a week. In 1926, he went back to Italy, and stayed there for about eight months.

He found that things were not good in Italy. People were not working. His brother was getting only two days of work a week in the Fiat factory. There was no free press. The people did not like it, but didn't dare say so. He returned to the United States and went to Philadelphia.

In Philadelphia he worked two months as a carpenter; found himself out of a job; went to New York, and worked as a carpenter for another Italian, in Brooklyn, for a year. He was making seven dollars a day. His work was outside work. It was getting cold, a friend wrote him from Detroit. He decided to quit. His boss asked him, "Why?" He said, "I want to go to Detroit." In Detroit, he was four months without work, then got a job ditch-digging at $4.00 a day. He worked in the Ford factory for a year, at the steam-hammer, making axles. Three men worked on a steam-hammer to make the die. When the factory was first started, twenty axles were made in a hour. When Mr. X was working there, 120 were made in an hour. The men doing this work were wet with sweat, their trousers ringing wet; they had a cold fan at their backs. A solution was put in the drinking water so that they would not get sick from drinking too much. There was no place for them to change their clothes. The place was crowded, "all fill 'em up", "all machine". Their coats were thrown down in a pile, and any clothes of any value were stolen so that the men wore rags. He made $6.00 and finally $7.80 per day working seven and three-quarters hours, with fifteen minutes to eat. The men were not allowed to go outside for a smoke at lunch-time and could not smoke inside. He did not like the job, says it was the worst he ever had. He was laid off in December, 1929.

For three months, he worked for the telephone company in Detroit, as a laborer at $5.00 a day. He quit this job. In 1930 he came to California.

Here he started out in Oakland, at a quarry, earning $4.50, up to $5.35 a day. He went the round of the jobs at the quarry, blacksmith, steam-shovel man, "runner" (caring for the belts, "grease-'em up de rolls", stopping the motor, etc.), and others. He broke two of his toes at this work. In 1932, the company went broke. He worked another month for the same company in Berkeley; then four months for the Moore Shipyard, in Oakland, at rough carpenter work. He was laid off.

In 1933, a friend of his in San Juan Battista asked him to work on his truck garden. He worked there for six months, but the friend was unable to pay him. This last winter he worked on the C.W.A. in Lincoln Park and Balboa Park. When the C.W.A. broke up, he bought in on a restaurant with four partners, investing $100; but two of the men were always drunk, so he took back his money, and left.

He has still a little money left, but has been out of work for several months. He would like to go to South Africa where he has a brother who is a hotel manager.

He took out first and second citizenship papers in Pittsburg and in New York.

He is an inarticulate man; strong; simple and nondescript in type. He lives in a cheap rooming-house.

S. A Fisherman from Apulia

From the town of Croton on the shores of Italy G came with his wife and two sons to San Francisco in the autumn of 1905. The G family found to its dismay that the relatives they had in this city instead of being unbelievably rich as had been supposed were poor and had a hard time to keep themselves. So almost without funds the Gs were forced to shift for themselves in a new country whose language they could not speak. J, the oldest son, twenty-one years of age, was the mainstay of the family. Even among their own people in North Beach the father and mother were bewildered and continually bemoaned the fate that had caused them to leave Italy.

J, the son, speedily saw it was up to him to support the family. He easily accustomed himself to his adopted country and through friends was able to secure jobs. In this formative period of his American life he worked on the docks, chopped up fish in a Chinese market, handled fruit and vegetables in a dozen markets in the commission district, and managed to keep the family and send his younger brothers to school. He was picking up the language and was happy. He relates that in those days being in the Italian section of San Francisco was much the same as living in Italy. He adds this is not so true today, and is saddened by the fact. He thinks the immigrant should keep the customs and language of his country alive--not only for himself but his children--for in this way he gives something very worthwhile to America.

In April, 1906 came the earthquake, and fire and once more the G family was on the move. J established the family in a flat on Fillmore street and he and his father went to work for the city cleaning the streets and lots of the downtown district of bricks and other debris. This work lasted for some months but out of it they were able to save nothing. They had lost all their family possessions in the fire and everything had to be bought new. It was at this time J became interested in the fishing industry of San Francisco--rather he was interested in the life of the fisherman who daily put out to sea through the Golden Gate and supply the city with its sea food. He and a friend tried to get a boat on credit but none was to be had. In those days he says fishing was a bitter business and the newcomer was not exactly welcomed with open arms. Fights were frequent--cliques were formed that battled together--to keep the industry under the control of a few for their own profit. J saw that even if he had a boat it wouldn't all be clear sailing--but the happy-go-lucky life appealed to him--and a fisherman he was determined to be.

In the spring of 1907 J signed up for a trip to the Alaska fishing grounds with his friend. He shakes his head as he tells the hardships of this voyage. Off Bristol Bay he worked a small sailboat from the large ship. These sailboats manned by two hands go far out to fish for salmon. There were no union hours for J and his comrades. He says "it is fish when you can" up there and many times he passed forty hours without sleep. The food was bad but what they suffered mostly from was lack of fresh water. In the year he went to Bristol Bay the salmon run was poor and instead of the $900 or $1,000 he had hoped to earn for five months of terrific labor, he returned to San Francisco with less than $400. Yet he was glad to get back for now he and his friend had more than enough to buy nets and a fishing boat to start in business in San Francisco. After the hardships of the northern trip he laughed at the dangers his countrymen told him were to be found by any fisherman outside the Gate. And the sudden animosity he and his friend encountered when it was learned they had bought a boat was ignored. This animosity was short lived. Practically every fisherman going out to The Heads at that time was an Italian and as J was an Italian things were not made too hard for him. In a very short time, he says, he and his friend were accepted, and were allowed to fish in peace.

But he soon found out that fishing was not the only important thing about his new life. Selling the fish was also rather important. He learned that the fisherman who got into the wharf first with his catch was the one most sure of a sale. This was especially true when the catch had been great and the market was glutted with a certain kind of fish. Then the dealer who bought at the wharf and had facilities for marketing the fish would refuse to buy and the laggard in getting back to the wharf would have all his toil for nothing. His catch was either in disgust dumped into the bay, or if he were more frugal sold to dealers of fertilizer factories. Here the catch would be ground into dry fish meal and sold to poultry dealers and others.

So the life for J became a race. It was out to Heads as fast as the weather would permit, get his catch and then race for the wharf. He has many stories to tell of these races and the dangers faced when twenty fishing boats would try to gain the channel shoreward of Mile Rock Light at the same time. He came to know every rock in the Golden Gate and could gauge to a foot how close shoreward he could come without meeting disaster. He boasts that after the first two or three weeks he and his friend were seldom beaten back to Fisherman's Wharf.

In the beginning, J says, he scorned the fertilizer trade. But soon saw that many of the fish he caught were unsaleable. And it was a waste of time to continue fishing for a catch he was certain would not sell. This made him late for the wharf and the dealers' good money. So everything that was caught

was kept--from tiny sanddabs to the largest halibut or salmon. He kept in his mind what kind of fish was a drag on the market--he knew what kind was only good for fertilizer. So everything that came to his net was taken and separated according to sale value. When the catch was all in, then the race back to the wharf. Sometimes he would have a large catch for the hotel and restaurant trade of salmon and halibut and a small cateb for the fertilizer buyers. Sometimes the cateb would be all fertilizer, but G scorned nothing the sea gave him. Other fishermen may use different systems, he says, but this is the one he has found pays the most in the long run.

He was very happy in his new life. He was among his own people, making money for himself and family and doing the work he liked. He was up at two or three o'clock in the morning and putting out to sea to reach the fishing grounds before daylight. The main fishing grounds are just outside the Golden Gate and off toward the Farralones which are nautically known as the Heads. In all kinds of weather J made the trip. He said in twenty years the weather forced him to remain inside the Gate only three times. On Sundays he and his friend would gather at the wharves, fix the tears in their nets made by some large fish, tinker with their boat and laugh and sing and drink with their fisher friends. Fisherman's Wharf became a sort of Sunday picnic grounds for the Italian fisherman's families, and J says he couldn't have been more contented if he had stayed in Italy. He says this Sunday gathering of Italian Fishermen's families is slowly dying out due to the interests of young American-born Italians in other things.

I can't see that because Fisherman's Wharf on a Sunday is Italian everything--language, atmosphere and people. J insists that the fisherman of the old days is passing. Most of the fishing boats then were owned individually or in partnership by men who formed a crew. This is true in many cases still but large concerns are gradually buying up and running a fleet of vessels. These boats are manned by crews paid according to the catch they make. J couldn't quite express it but what he meant was that the fishing business of San Francisco is losing its color and romance. It is becoming too commercial. Now in the old days.....

J is forty-nine now. He has been married twenty-five years and has four children. He is stout and jovial, and can drink his wine with the best of them and fish with the best of them. Still with his old partner and friend most any morning at two o'clock he is scudding out through the dark Golden Gate to the fishing grounds he knows so well. This is his life and his trade and he loves it. America he says has done very well by him.

T. A Salesman from Rome

In 1907 T's father died in Rome, Italy. T was then 19 years of age, had a good education, could read and write English and was a good salesman--or so he thought. Alone in Italy he received a letter from his father's brother, who resided in this city, urging T to come to San Francisco and live with him. So T came.

On his arrival here he found he was expected to work in his uncle's fruit store for his board and lodging. This he did for about a year and he relates that he was up at five in the morning and did not leave the store until nearly ten o'clock at night. He knew he was not getting a square deal but he endured the work for a year merely to get his bearings in his new and adopted country.

With it all, that first year was a happy time for him because he was among his own people; he was making a great many friends and was gradually becoming used to America. At the end of the year he had an argument with his uncle and quit the job. At this time he had a hundred dollars less than the three hundred dollars he possessed when he came to San Francisco. Almost immediately he obtained work in a fruit and vegetable commission house on California Street. He received $40 a month and it was on this salary that he got married. Soon he was made a buyer for the house at an increase of salary.

In 1911 he had some money saved up and with a friend bought out a small commission house. They failed--not because of any lack of work--but because they didn't have enough money to back them. T's wife died soon afterward and penniless and alone, at the age of 23, he was worse off than when he came to America. For a year he endured rather great hardships, living on the few odd jobs he could pick up, borrowing from friends and the kindness of his landlady. At the end of this time he secured a job as deckhand on one of the Sacramento river boats. He held this for five years, saved up his money and intended to buy a store. But the war broke out--America entered--and T enlisted. He put two years in service in France and then returned to the United States. His only wound was a piece of shrapnel in the shoulder which still bothers him. But the army and the war did something to T. Afterwards he had not the old ambition--the desire to get ahead. He laid around for two years until his money was exhausted. Then he began taking any job he could find. In 1924 he went back to work on a river boat--where he stayed until 1928. Then he was laid off. He has been doing any kind of work he could find ever since. From 1928 to 1933 was a bad time for him. Lack of ambition was his main obstacle. Now he wants to go up again. He says he's got his old pep back because he again wants to get married. He and a friend have secured a boat

and have joined the small army of fishermen that daily sail out through the Gate to get the catch. T is far happier than he has been for years. He likes the outdoor work--though at present he doesn't make much money. But at least he says it's a living

U. An Eternal Peasant

Slowly L put away his shovel and rubbing his blue hands together he walked toward the shelter of the rock where his lunch and coat were hidden. Just as he was about to open the tin box a car drove up and man stepped out saying "I'm from the office, I've come to find out why you have not cashed your checks for almost a year. Don't you spend any money? Don't you eat?"

L opened his lunch box which contained a piece of dry bread and an onion. "Is that all you eat?" gasped the Government man. L laughed and said, "That onion she's good to me, and I shovel more better when I eat her."

"Well even though you don't eat, you will have to cash those checks, we need them to balance our books. Better come along with me, I'll take you home." They drove about six miles before they arrived at L's ranch. This ranch consisted of about thirty acres of orchard and vines, and seventy acres of hilly brush country.

L made his way to the kitchen door where he stooped and picked a common key from under the mat and opened the door. Then he went into his bedroom. A scraping, moving sound came from the direction of the bedroom, finally L had gotten hold of his hidden checks. They took this canfull of checks to the bank and $1500 was deposited to L's account. After this business was completed L went back to his job of keeping the highway in condition. A job which he had held for years. He had about seven miles of road to take care of, and his only mode of transportation was foot power.

It began to get dark and cold although it was not quite five o'clock and L never quit before five, no matter what the weather might be. Pulling his shabby coat tightly around him and pulling in the old frayed rope which served as a belt, he prepared himself for a long trip home. Every one in awhile he would tug at the rope around his waist. He had used his Christmas belt to mend a harness which was always breaking.

From bushy eye brows and two inches of beard, two bright brown eyes peered out and scanned the highway for some passing car. The car whizzed by and L had to walk the seven miles home in a storm. As he neared the house his hand reached out and pulled out a Madrone bush which he dragged into the kitchen. Mixing

this with the bush which was in the kitchen from the night before, L built a fire. He stood up as close to the stove as he could while the vapor steamed out of his clothing. Ten minutes of this and he was ready to sit down and have supper which consisted of dry bread, an onion, and a slice of raw salt pork stretched over it.

After supper he was ready to crawl into bed. There had been blankets in the house years before, but L's daughter had said these blankets would get dirty and worn, and she had taken them away with her. L pulled the old coat and other discarded clothing around him.

In the corner of the room was a pile of old socks. These socks were being kept for spring. In the spring L would hang these socks up in the trees. This would serve to keep the deer and other animals away.

One summer L made a lot of wine and stored it in the basement. He worked with his prunes and stored them in the dining room. Then he decided to go on a vacation. He left an old Italian in charge and told him he could drink all the wine he wanted in exchange for taking charge of the ranch. This old man spent his days drinking wine and quarreling with himself.

One day he heard people on the hill shouting "the roof, the roof". As he looked up the roof burst into flames. The old man ran into the house and grabbed up a suit of soiled underwear and ran out into the open, leaving his clothes, watch, and wallet to burn with the house.

When the house had completely burned down and four tons of smouldering prunes had dropped into the basement, the old man began to cry. He would look at the prunes, cry and then wipe his eyes with the suit of underwear which he still had clutched in his hands.

A week later L returned from his vacation. All that he found of his house was a large hole filled with bedsteads, smoking prunes, and barrel hoops. This led to a quarrel. L accused the old man of having set fire to the house knowing that the insurance had been dropped several years previous.

Some sort of shelter had to be made, so L's son and son-in-law came up to help him build a "house". They made a shed on the style of a chicken coop, but not as roomy. They needed a window for this dwelling, and a friend of L's who had always helped himself to L's tomatoes, wood, etc. told him that he would do him a favor. He would sell L a beautiful colored window which was just big enough for L to stick his head through. This friend was not going to charge him anything for the glass but 75 cents for the beautiful colors, which reminded one of church

windows. This window also served to keep the daylight out. If he needed any light he could open the door, which had to be opened anyway to let out the smoke from the gift stove. This door was very handy--it let in the daylight and let out the smoke.

One little shelf was built in the corner so that L would have a place to put his coffee can which he used for a bank. He only kept a few dollars in this bank. The other $10,000 which he had saved during his thirty-five years in America were in the town bank. This money was being saved for a rainy day.

L's daughter decided it was raining one day and she told him that she could make a lot of money buying things cheap and selling them high if she only had $3,000 to buy a store. She got the money. Then she decided she needed Christmas stock. Another good sales talk and she got $500. Friends of L's decided they would do likewise and they got $750 to invest in real estate which has turned out to be a poor investment. Another "friend" who was selling stock in a new company which was to manufacture a gadget devised to save gas for automobiles persuaded L to buy some stock. The gadget flopped and so did the stock. Then L was asked if he would send a sack of prunes to his grandchildren, and he replied that the freight was too high. Times were bad and a man has to save some money for his old age, etc.

He was asked why he did not feed his livestock and he replied that they would scratch for a living, same as he did.

L finally decided to make a will. He would not show this will to his children, a young man and young woman. He told them that they could have the use of the ranch during their lifetime and after that the ranch would go to their children. The money in the bank was to be used by the bank to pay the taxes.

L's children do not like this will and they often discuss what they are going to do as soon as L dies. But L is not dead yet. His sixty-five years give promise of going on to one hundred. In spite of the fact that he groans at night when his teeth bother him, and he groans when he uses a razor instead of a scythe, this is as close as he comes to death. He has discovered a remedy for his tooth ache. He just fills his mouth with wine vinegar which is about forty years old and strong enough to burn the paint off of an automobile. This cures his tooth ache.

Last year his son knocked him down to teach him something. This year his son-in-law knocked him down to teach him something. It is not known just what he learned. One thing he did not learn--and that is to pay freight on a sack of prunes.

Mass 21
J. H. H